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WE suppose that demagogues and devotees of ruling classes have at all times had rather a hard life of it. Your CLEONS and JACK CADES had doubtless very often to make a meal of their words at very short notice; and that sort of diet, when used habitually, is exceedingly apt to turn the stomach, and impair the intellectual digestion. But, for a good grinding mental tyranny, commend us to that form of religion which may be called "middle-class worship." The peculiarity of this culte is not so much that it compels the devotee to change his opinions rapidly—for, indeed, the middle-class is much too busy and much too well satisfied with itself to vary very much in its views—as that it forces him to maintain absolutely contradictory propositions in politics and religion at precisely the same moment. Those who have "faith in the million"—that is, in all the community, except the hundred thousand who think, and the twenty-nine millions who work—are not asked to hold that a thing is black on Monday and white on Tuesday, but to profess that it is both black and white on both Monday and Tuesday. For example, it is an error to suppose that Jewish ceremonial observances are not binding on Christians, but no religious man will permit Jews and Christians to sit in the same Parliament. It is not patriotic to deny that a British subject is entitled to the privileges of a *civis Romanus* in every part of Europe; but at home it is as clear as day that he is trampled on, tyrannized over, and excluded from his birthright by a covetous aristocracy. British prowess is the perfection of masculine virtue, and British history is a tissue of victories; but no British army knows how to fight, and no British general how to command. The English Constitution is a model which ought to be followed by all the communities in the world—it is equally adapted to the kingdom of Oude, to Naples, and to the Loo-Choo Islands; but in practice it has produced the clumsiest government which ever existed, and nothing but the close imitation of despotic systems can deliver it from its characteristic vices of jobbery, nepotism, pedantry, and stupid routine. Such are the articles of the creed. We don't add the damnatory clauses, out of respect to our readers.

LORD PALMERSTON, after giving London a Bishop and Westminster a Dean of quite sufficient qualifications to secure him against being pressed with inconvenient questions as to what on earth could be the principles which guided him in the disposal of patronage, has sacrificed three great pieces of preferment at the other end of the country to the tastes of the middle classes. The PREMIER, as is proved by a certain well-known speech at Tiverton, is not deep in technical theology; and he knows the middle classes far too well to attempt to discover, from their creed itself, the sort of clergyman who would be its best exponent. He has therefore applied the purely empirical method of inquiring to what churches they go in the greatest crowds. The result of this criterion has been to carry two northern bishoprics and a deanery to the class of persons known as "popular preachers." What is a popular preacher? There has recently been a sort of cry for an improvement in the preaching of the Church of England; and because it has been endorsed by some respectable names, we have had the *Times* hastily assuming that the clergymen who, as a fact, attract the largest audiences, are exactly the men whom the Church of England requires, and who have a species of right to be lodged in its high places. But the amelioration called for must be an amelioration consistent with the admitted good qualities of the English clergy—and among these qualities are good taste, self-sacrifice, and, if not great learning, at all events respect for learning. But, in nine cases out of ten, a "popular preacher" has no taste, little self-denial, and hardly more learning than is required

for speaking in fluent and grammatical English. The preacher whom the middle classes most affect is, in fact, a clergyman whose theology exhibits all the characteristic contradictions of their religious and political creed, and whose intellectual ability is on a level with his theology. Unlike the prophet of the lower orders, Mr. SPURGEON—who, though very ignorant from defective education, is still severely logical—the favourite of the class above is universally a man who preaches a kind of truncated Calvinism. He knows that his audience do not expect him to admit the logical consequences of his doctrines, however inevitable, and his own mind is not of that constitution which is pained by an imperfect demonstration, or offended by having to stop short in sight of a necessary result. A man of strong conscientiousness would not do this; a man of high intellectual ability could not do it; and indeed it is only managed by treating the sacred writers on principles which would make the Rig-Veda or the Koran as good a text-book for Christian sermons as the Bible. We perceive it to be pretty generally conceded, even by the religious organs, that a man of learning cannot be a popular preacher; for we see a strong disposition to anathematize a particular London clergyman who threatens to unite the inconsistent attributes of knowledge and attractiveness. The class, indeed, from which the new Bishops are taken, is not only unlearned, but does not even possess those substitutes for learning which, in the general decay of English theology, have been sometimes considered titles to ecclesiastical promotion. The impression that Bishops ought to be learned men has at different times carried bishoprics to scholars, to schoolmasters, and even to mere winners of University distinctions. The three clergymen promoted by Lord PALMERSTON have not even the last recommendation. Two of them had considerable difficulty in obtaining degrees at their respective Universities, while the third is shamefully slandered if he did not meet at Cambridge with what is euphemistically termed a "misfortune."

We look forward with some dismay to the consequences of holding out a prize so magnificent as a bishopric to the London popular preachers. Quite sufficient scandal is created by the proceedings of these gentlemen on occasions when a much poorer reward is in view. There is a particular sinecure lectureship in the City of London which periodically exhibits clerical evangelical human nature in anything but an edifying aspect. The swoop of the popular preachers on the Golden Lectureship always reminds us of the stories told in Natural History books of the effect of carrion on the vulture tribe. First, there is a black speck in the air. A newspaper paragraph states that "a certain valuable piece of preferment in the gift of the Candlemakers' Company is vacant, and report assigns it to a well-known clergyman officiating not a hundred miles from the Scrofula Hospital." Shortly afterwards, dark forms loom in the distance; and we are told that "Rev. OILY GAMMON, Rev. DISMAL HORROR, &c. &c., are candidates for the Golden Lectureship—the first-mentioned highly popular divine is the favourite." Then follows a contest in the sight of Heaven and the Candlemakers' Company—there is screaming, clawing, and flapping of obscene wings—till at last the savoury morsel is obtained by one blacker, noisier, and stronger than his fellows, and the others soar sulkily away. There is really no saying how far this scene may be outdone, if gentlemen of this sort have a fair chance of becoming Bishops. We have long had a State Church, and, if Mr. DITCHER succeeds, we are to have an Act of Parliament Christianity; but should the principle of the late promotions be maintained, we may live to see a special service on Thursday evenings in some of the London churches for the health of Lord and Lady PALMERSTON.

THE NEW PARIS CONFERENCES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubt implied by the oddly worded announcement in the *Moniteur*, it is nearly certain that the Paris Congress will shortly reassemble. That the fact should be distasteful to a large portion of the English public is what might have been expected; nor is it surprising that that singularly irritable class which devotes itself to the criticism of foreign policy should endeavour to find the materials of a quarrel in the prospect of a pacific arrangement. It is assumed—on grounds which are at least plausible—that the British Government has been defeated, and those journals which affect to countenance the pretensions of Russia are not less indignant than their more warlike contemporaries. The French newspapers, as usual, do their utmost to revive every international jealousy; and it must be owned that the public discussion of existing differences has not facilitated the task of the statesmen who conduct the pending negotiations. Although, however, there is probably no real danger of a rupture with any of the Great Powers, it is highly desirable that the controversy should be brought to a just and satisfactory conclusion, for any new complications arising before the complete execution of the Treaty of Paris might lead to serious results.

Mr. COBDEN agrees with his Bradford constituents, to whom he is in other respects irreconcilably opposed, in attributing the uncertainty and dissatisfaction which at present prevail on the subject of our foreign relations to the irresponsible action of official diplomacy. The popular dread that the Government may compromise the honour and rights of the nation is curiously contrasted with his complaint that the tranquillity of Europe is threatened by Lord PALMERSTON's quarrelsome and aggressive policy. The Peace Party, at least, ought to abstain from joining in the cry against secret diplomacy. No concession would ever be made, nor would any compromise be effected, but for the intervention of individual agents conducting their negotiations in private. Although it certainly appears a natural inference that the Government has been either captious in raising objections, or hasty in abandoning reasonable claims, we are still but imperfectly acquainted with the facts. It is true that England, after considering, at one time, that the renewal of the Conferences would be premature, has now consented to the proposals of France; but it is still open to the supporters of the Ministers to contend that they may have had grounds for their decision in both cases, which, if known, would remove or diminish the apparent inconsistency. It would have been a mistake to devolve on a meeting of plenipotentiaries the solution of difficulties which had baffled their respective Governments; but, if there is a distinct and satisfactory understanding on the practical points at issue, there can be no reasonable objection to a measure which saves the dignity of particular States.

The general assent to the reassembling of the Congress may perhaps be regarded as a proof that the recent negotiations have not been fruitless. It may have been understood that the formal decision is to depend on a majority of votes, but surely no statesman would agree to so artificial a scheme without previous certainty as to its mode of working. Government by majorities is peculiar to the few nations which have the good fortune to possess free institutions, but the right of the greater number to govern the less can only arise from a positive compact. The conventional assumption that every member of a deliberative body is entitled to an equal voice has no application to international relations. England or France must separately outweigh half the secondary States of Europe; and it would be absurd to allow their policy to be overruled by the wishes of Sardinia or of Turkey. There can be little doubt that the interpretation of the Treaty, whatever it may be, is already practically settled; and it is a significant circumstance that the second Plenipotentiaries of the different Powers will be charged with the task of carrying into effect the intentions of their respective Governments. However, until we are possessed of the whole case which influenced all parties in re-assembling the diplomatists at Paris, criticism is but idle, although hereafter it may become a necessity.

The advocates of peace at any price have not failed to take advantage of the alleged doubts as to the site of Bolgrad for the purpose of proving that the English Government had no right to treat a disputed question as involving an actual infraction of the Treaty; but, although the terms of the Convention may possibly be ambiguous, there is strong external evidence against the Russian interpretation. By a

curious anomaly, the greater part of the French press has for many weeks been engaged in opposing the claims of the Allies; yet, though it cannot be doubted that many Parisian journals have had access to all the information with which Russian diplomatists could furnish them, it is a remarkable circumstance that they have never ventured directly to support the converse of the English proposition. It has been repeated, again and again, that the decision of the controversy properly belonged to a Congress, and that a portion of the Great Powers had no right to assume to themselves the exclusive interpretation of the Treaty. The advantage of a Russian alliance, and the well-known perfidy of Albion, together with many other topics more or less relevant, have been discussed to satiety. But the proof that the Plenipotentiaries intended to exclude Bolgrad from Moldavia has been altogether omitted. English and Austrian publicists, on the other hand, have fairly challenged their opponents to discuss the merits of the dispute, and at present they seem entitled to claim the exclusive possession of the field.

The meaning of an ambiguous obligation is ordinarily determined by the intention of the person at whose demand it was incurred—or, in technical language, by the *animus imponentis*. The rectification of the Bessarabian frontier—a compulsory sacrifice on the part of Russia—was originally required by Austria on her own part, and on that of the Allies. The Vienna proposals were, by general consent, adopted as Preliminaries of Peace, and the definitive Treaty only purported to carry out in detail provisions which had already been established in principle. It is evident, therefore, that the true meaning of the frontier clause must be interpreted by the original intentions of the Austrian Government, unless it can be shown that a deception was practised on Russia. It has never been alleged, however, that the claim for the surrender of Bolgrad was an afterthought; and it is absurd to suppose that the Russian plenipotentiaries can have been misled by any erroneous description of a district hitherto included within the dominions of their own Sovereign. The inference that the English Government has been justified in demanding the strict performance of the treaty seems, therefore, to say the least, highly probable. The dispute respecting the Isle of Serpents lies in a still smaller compass. It was the professed purpose of the Treaty of Paris both to revoke the territorial concessions of Adrianople, and to suppress the maritime preponderance of Russia in the Euxine. The Island of Serpents had been surrendered by Turkey in 1829, and it was to be restored in 1856. The plenipotentiaries cannot have intended to leave in the possession of Russia an island which might hereafter furnish the means of controlling the navigation of the Danube.

The unfitness of a Congress to exercise judicial functions is sufficiently illustrated by the rumours of intrigues and negotiations said to have been carried on for the purpose of influencing the approaching decision. It was not, perhaps, unnatural that Sardinia should lean towards those Powers which were for the moment most directly opposed to Austria; but the strong claims which England possesses on the good will of her Italian ally have probably been strengthened by the recent removal of the sequestrations on the property of the Lombard emigrants. In any case, should a majority be secured in favour of an honest interpretation of the treaty, it may not be necessary to inquire too narrowly into the previous negotiations. It may possibly appear that the French Government has from the first inclined, in substance, to the English view, although a difference of opinion may have arisen between the two Cabinets as to the necessity of a Congress.

There is little to be hoped from the deliberations of the Plenipotentiaries on the general difficulties of Europe. The King of Prussia will probably fail in his efforts to obtain support in the assertion of his claims on Neuchâtel. Justice, convenience, and common sense, might doubtless be easily overruled by the Continental Courts; but Switzerland can arm 100,000 of the best soldiers in Europe to defend the natural fortress which is their home. One of the first consequences of the threatened occupation of Schaffhausen might be the withdrawal of the Swiss regiments from the Neapolitan service, with the ulterior prospect of an Italian rising in connexion with a new and formidable ally; and the Federal Government may be well assured that France and Austria will abstain from a policy which would tend to so formidable a result. The question of Naples will not be materially affected by the proceedings of the Congress. Russia and Austria will not concede, nor will England and France retract. The opportune assault on the Royal person,

whether it was spontaneous or merely a fresh instance of police ingenuity, will undoubtedly furnish a new excuse for cruelty, perfidy, and oppression. If a real Holy Alliance existed for the vindication of justice and right, the iniquities of southern Italy would long since have become impossible. As Courts are, however, generally associated for other and opposite purposes, it is well that two Great Powers should have protested, by formal acts, against the crimes which have now for the first time been deprived of certain immunity.

THE WISDOM OF THE LEGISLATURE.

THE officials of the Courts of Chancery and Bankruptcy have been fighting like Greeks and Trojans over the dead body of the Royal British Bank. Ancient heroes are supposed to have engaged in analogous contests from the most exalted and pious motives; but, in the present case, it is painfully obvious that the spoils of the slain form the sole object of the sturdy contention. The prize is certainly worth a struggle. At the lowest estimate, the probable booty of the official manager will amount to about 8000*l.*; and as the litigation is conducted at the cost of the creditors and shareholders, it is not surprising that a dozen of the choicest gladiators of the bar should be retained, or that the battle should be fought with the pertinacity which it is so easy to display at other people's expense. It is to no purpose that the Judges have expressed their unfeigned commiseration for the shareholders and depositors, who are the victims of a costly litigation the only object of which is to determine whether the officer of one Court or of another shall have the honour and the profit of arranging their liabilities and settling their demands. If the moot questions which are puzzling Commissioners and Judges had never been raised, or if they had been decided in favour of either disputant, a large dividend would long ago have been paid, and considerable progress might already have been made towards the final settlement of the affairs of the unfortunate Bank. But the rights of debtors and creditors alike are postponed to the personal interests of official managers and assignees, while the funds of the insolvent Company are carefully locked up, and its wealthier members are daily harassed by executions for debts to which the joint assets of the concern ought to be first applied.

The whole proceeding is a reproach, not only to the parties who have originated it, but to the Courts in which the litigation has occurred, and to the Legislature whose slovenly enactments have occasioned the difficulty. If the wisdom of Parliament had expressly aimed at the production of inextricable confusion, it could not well have hit upon a happier device than in passing the conflicting statutes which regulate the winding-up of insolvent companies. Some years ago, the rights of creditors were protected by the law which enabled them to seize the goods of every member of a Joint-stock Company which was unable to satisfy its debts. The effect of this was, of course, to throw the weight of the common responsibility almost exclusively on the richest shareholders, who had no effectual means of securing a proper distribution of the remaining assets, or a fair apportionment of the losses among the various members. The first attempt to remedy this evil was made by a statute which extended the operation of the Bankrupt Laws to insolvent companies, and provided machinery—which, however, it was found impossible to work—for levying equal contributions on the general body of shareholders. While this scheme remained almost untried, another Act was passed, introducing an entirely new system of winding up the affairs of Joint-stock Companies—and a system utterly inconsistent with the administration by the Court of Bankruptcy, which it had been the object of the earlier statute to establish. By the new scheme, the management was committed to the Court of Chancery—the property was to vest in an official manager, instead of an official assignee—and large powers were given for enforcing calls upon contributories, and providing funds for meeting all the liabilities of the company. Another marked distinction between the two systems was, that while the proceedings in bankruptcy were under the control of the creditors, none but shareholders were allowed to set the Winding-up Acts in operation.

We have no intention of wearying our readers with a discussion of the wisdom or fairness of substituting the later for the earlier of these two systems of procedure. Taken separately, there is perhaps not much to choose between them, but it was a refinement of cruelty to inflict upon the public

the aggravated mischief of two remedies, so nicely adjusted as effectually to destroy each other. It seems incredible that the Legislature should have said, by one Act, that certain property should belong to one officer, and by a second, that the same property should belong to another officer deriving his authority from an independent jurisdiction. Nothing more absurd can be conceived than two successive enactments, by one of which it is declared that no one but an assignee shall have the right to recover the money owing to a bankrupt company, and by the other that the same right shall vest exclusively in an official manager; and yet this is what the Legislature has done, not by any oversight, but deliberately. The Bankruptcy Act was not forgotten when the new machinery was devised. On the contrary, it was expressly referred to, and, as if to prevent the possibility of harmonizing the two schemes, a clause was carefully framed to the effect that the Winding-up Act should not in any way alter or affect the rights of creditors—among which rights, that of obtaining an adjudication of bankruptcy was one of the most important. Thus we have two public officers, each endowed by the Legislature with the exclusive right of proceeding against the same debtors, and distributing the same funds. The consequence necessarily is, that the debtors pay to neither, and that the funds are not divided at all. Moreover, as if to show that Parliament was aware of its self-contradiction, it did attempt to reconcile its inconsistent enactments in one, though only one, possible contingency. Part of the confusion which was so carefully prepared would be avoided if the powers of the two rival officers were concentrated in the same individual; and accordingly it was declared that, if the bankruptcy preceded the winding up, no other person than the official assignee should be appointed official manager. No analogous provision, however, was made for the contingency of the Chancery proceedings happening to come first in point of time; and the case which has actually occurred, of a race between the two Courts for the appointment of an administrator, was also unprovided for.

In the case of the Royal British Bank, the mischief which was thus prepared by the law of the land has been admirably furthered by the way in which the Courts have severally used their discretion. There was just one loophole by which the evil might have been escaped. Although it had not been made imperative under the circumstances of this case, it was nevertheless open to the rival Courts so to arrange their appointments that the same person should hold both the conflicting offices. But this would have defeated the apparent design of the Legislature to stultify itself; and accordingly the Court of Chancery and the Court of Bankruptcy selected different officers, and left them to fight for their fees with the funds which ought to have defrayed the liabilities of the Bank. It is clear that nothing but judicial legislation can cut a road through the tangled labyrinth which Parliament has constructed; and the only possible benefit that can result from all the litigation of which the Royal British Bank has been the occasion, is that the law upon the subject may be reduced to an intelligible shape. But it seems now to be the aim of the Court of Appeal in Chancery to deprive the country even of this solitary advantage, and to render the ruinous contest as unprofitable for our future guidance as it is mischievous to the various parties interested in this particular case. It is comparatively unimportant which way the matter may ultimately be decided. The great point is to have the conflict of law ended once for all, and to enable some one, whoever it may be, to proceed with the distribution of the Company's assets. The injury to the depositors and shareholders is in the delay and uncertainty which have hitherto prevailed; and any final judgment will give them immediate relief, and prevent the future recurrence of a conflict which is a disgrace to our jurisprudence. The case has at length been heard out, and the decision, whichever way it may go, will be certain to please everybody except the contending officials. Will it be believed that the Judges are now doing their best to shirk the duty which they sit upon the Bench to perform, and to leave the whole matter open to be re-argued as soon as another sufficiently important company shall follow in the steps of the Royal British Bank? Yet this is the course which has been taken by one at least of the Lords Justices, who has thrown out encouragements to the litigating parties to make some compromise which may relieve the Court from the necessity of giving any judgment at all. The dispute has reached a stage, however, at which a compromise can be of no service to the parties really concerned. The worst decision that could be pronounced would facilitate

the division of the funds and the payment of the debts of the Bank, at least as much as the best possible arrangement between the litigants; and the only substantial result of the suggestions of the Court, should they be attended to, will be to sacrifice the single benefit which this wretched litigation can produce, and to leave an unintelligible law without any judicial interpretation. In the interests of the public, and for the credit of the Court itself, we trust that this attempt to evade its duties will not be successful, and that it will see the necessity of pronouncing an explicit declaration which shall redeem the law from a condition which is a disgrace to our civilization.

THE RUSSIAN NOTE.

THERE are some contentions which are best supported by a judicious silence; and the Russian case on the interpretation of the Treaty of Paris is one of these. The diplomacy of St. Petersburg is seldom at fault; but it has certainly committed a grievous blunder in allowing the defence put forward on behalf of its disingenuous claim to be made public before the final settlement of the dispute. Butter and honey could not be smoother than the language of the Russian note. It is pervaded by an elaborate affectation of good faith and conciliatory dispositions which may possibly satisfy the Manchester advocates of unbounded concession, though it is too transparent to deceive any one who is not anxious to be cajoled. The only inference which can fairly be drawn from its publication is, that the disputed points must be already definitively settled; for on no other hypothesis is it possible to account for the publicity given to so damaging a statement. Not a single fact of any importance is alleged to excuse the pettifogging spirit in which Russia has sought to evade the spirit of the Treaty. At the same time, the fraudulent ingenuity of the Czar's plenipotentiary, which had before been only suspected, is now reduced to absolute certainty by the language, guarded as it is, in which the Court of St. Petersburg appeals to the consciences of the Powers who were represented at the Congress.

To Russia, the most important question is, not whether she shall have possession of the barren Isle of Serpents, or of the disputed town of Bolgrad, but whether she shall recover the character for honesty and good faith which she forfeited in the discussions that preceded the war, and which she has not learnt to cherish, even after the humiliation of defeat. By regaining her lost reputation, Russia would be more strengthened than by any acquisition which her acuteness can win; and if she could once more induce Europe to rely on her assurances, the advantage would be cheaply bought even by the abandonment of claims infinitely more valuable than any founded on diplomatic duplicity. To appreciate the real value of the document recently given to the world, it is only necessary to recal the circumstances under which the 20th article of the Treaty, which was intended to fix the boundary of Moldavia, received the assent of the assembled plenipotentiaries. The proposal contained in the preliminaries of peace was avowedly designed to cut off Russia from all communication with the Danube. Experience had shown that mere promises were insufficient to preserve to the highway of Southern Europe the freedom which had been vainly insisted on in the great settlement of 1815. Physical obstacles were needed to repress the encroachments against which solemn pledges and treaty stipulations had proved ineffectual. The sole purpose of the cession of territory required by the Austrian memorandum was that Russia should be geographically removed from all access to the stream of the Danube. The line first agreed upon amply fulfilled this design, by carrying the new boundary up to a point upon the Pruth in the immediate neighbourhood of Transylvania. In fact, the concession submitted to by Russia was larger than the object of the Allies required; and when the precise course of the boundary came to be discussed at the Conferences, all the Powers were ready to accede to the entreaties of Russia not to be deprived of more territory than was absolutely necessary for the security of the Danube navigation. The Conference had maps before it which seemed to show that the essence of the preliminaries might be preserved intact without insisting on the cession of the whole territory which Russia had consented to give up. As a boon to the vanquished party, and a pledge of pacific feelings, about one-third of the stipulated penalty was remitted, and only so much was insisted on as appeared essential to the main object in view.

If ever a diplomatist can reconcile it to his conscience to deal fairly, Count ORLOFF ought surely to have met such a concession with frankness. The way in which he did meet it is now proclaimed in the Russian note. It is admitted that the maps which were laid before the Congress were so far erroneous that they showed no other Bolgrad than Bolgrad-Tabak, which lies some miles to the north of Lake Yalpuck. Had the Allies persisted in demanding all that the letter of the preliminaries allowed, they would have gained for Moldavia, not only the port of Bolgrad, of whose existence they were ignorant, but the inland town also, which was marked upon the map. It was as an act of grace, and not as a matter of right, that either one or the other was surrendered to Russia. Bolgrad was represented as a capital of great importance to the Bulgarian colonies, and it appeared from the map that it had no value whatever for the purpose which the concession of territory was intended to effect. It would have been needlessly harsh, in such a case, to insist on the strict performance of the preliminary articles; and no one can blame the plenipotentiaries for abandoning a right which was represented as useless to themselves, and most vexatious to the country which had been forced by the events of the war to concede it.

The Russian note does not attempt to show that there was any intention on the part of the Allied Powers to give up a city which is practically on the Danube itself. The very case put forward is that there was a mistake, of which the Czar now desires to take advantage. It is, indeed, alleged that the frank declaration of the Russian Plenipotentiaries had precluded any misunderstanding, by describing the Bolgrad they begged for as the capital of the Bulgarian colonies; but it is not pretended that the representatives of any other Power than Russia had the least suspicion that the map was incorrect, or that the capital they were asked to yield was actually on the navigation of the Danube itself. Had the mistake been common to all the contracting parties, it would not be very creditable to Russian honour to retain a gift made in utter ignorance of its value. Even a beggar would lose caste, who should keep a sovereign which had been given him in mistake for a shilling; and this is exactly parallel to what Russia desires the world to believe of her own conduct. The actual facts are much worse than this. It is not the case of a common error, afterwards discovered, for no attempt is made to deny that Count ORLOFF knew that he was asking for the town upon Lake Yalpuck, and that he induced the Allies to accede to the terms of his request under the false impression that it referred to a place which they did not care to retain. In this we are told that there was neither concealment, misunderstanding, nor deceit; and it is paraded as a material circumstance, that the false map by which the fraud was managed was produced out of the French, and not out of the Russian archives. If the defence had been that Count ORLOFF was as ignorant as the other members of the Congress of the situation of the town to which he attached so much value, we could not perhaps accuse Russia of anything worse than taking a shabby advantage; but, as it is substantially admitted that the concession was obtained with full knowledge of the misconception under which the representatives of the Allies were labouring, there is no word but fraud which can be appropriately used to designate the transaction. A sharp attorney who got a conveyance of an estate by similar means, would be ousted in a very summary manner by a court of justice; and we confess ourselves unable to appreciate the boasted good faith of a great Power which descends to artifices which even the lax morality of modern times would stigmatize as roguery in an individual.

THE FILIBUSTERS.

THE adventurers who are at present seeking their fortunes in Central America resemble, in many respects, their Spanish predecessors of the sixteenth century. The earlier discoverers and conquerors were perhaps less consciously selfish, for their undertakings were organized under the sanction of Popes and Kings, for the glory of the great Catholic Monarchy, and for the propagation of the Catholic faith; but they were at the same time avaricious, cruel, and unscrupulous. The heroic greatness of CORTES was not unstained by crime, and the savage energy of PIZARRO was combined with some noble aspirations. The modern Fili-

buster, though by no means a religious enthusiast, still persuades himself that, in the pursuit of wealth and power, he is extending freedom and civilization; and, not pretending to the character of a saint, and falling short of the type of a hero, he is nevertheless far removed from the condition of a mere land-pirate. Foreign conquest has produced many beneficial results in different ages of the world, but the morality of those who conduct it will seldom bear a close investigation.

The recent quarrel between WALKER and one of his confederates, or agents, throws a certain light on the character of his enterprise. Like many of his prototypes, the Filibustering commander appears to be more remarkable for ingenious versatility than for foresight and caution. The project of allying himself with England, in opposition to the United States, was a bold, though impracticable conception; but it was highly imprudent to furnish a Cuban exile with the means of betraying so dangerous a secret. M. GOICURIA had interests and patriotic professions of his own to consider; and there was every reason to suppose that he would, on the first suitable opportunity, turn to account the confidence which had been reposed in him during his co-operation with WALKER. The dissensions of the Filibusters furnish another parallel to the history of the great Spanish discoverers. BOBADILLA sent COLUMBUS himself to Cadiz in chains—PEDRARIUS put BALBOA to death—CORTES was opposed by the authority of VELASQUEZ, and by the arms of NARVAEYO—and WALKER, VANDERBILT, and GOICURIA, in their humble sphere, find it equally difficult to reconcile their conflicting pretensions. For the moment, the actual President of NICARAGUA has got possession of the field; but his supporters in the Northern States of the Union will have been alienated by the recent disclosures, and the native forces of Central America are ready to take advantage of weakness, disease, or negligence on the part of their invaders.

The interference of the Filibusters in the affairs of Nicaragua was, in the first instance, solicited by a domestic faction. A party, called by their enemies the Serviles, had raised CHOMORRO to the Presidency, and the Liberals, or members of the Opposition, naturally complained that they were oppressed. DON MARIANO SALAYAR, a wealthy proprietor of the country, invited WALKER to raise a force at San Francisco for the purpose of restoring the Democrats to power. The leader who has since become so notorious had recently failed in an attack on Sonora, and readily accepted the proposal. After a few marches and skirmishes, he effected a compromise with CORAL, the general of the Government troops; and it was arranged that RIVAS, a friend of SALAYAR, should be President, CORAL Minister of War, and WALKER Commander of the Nicaraguan army. In a short time, the General shot his Minister of War by sentence of court martial. Soon afterwards, RIVAS was deposed, and SALAYAR was executed for treason; and an ostensible election conferred the Presidency on an alien, who scarcely retains a single adherent among the indigenous population. For the ultimate security of the conquest which had been achieved, it was indispensable to obtain foreign support. The enterprise was, on the whole, popular in all parts of the United States; and the Northern Republicans were by no means the last to declare their sympathy with the cause. MR. PIERCE, with characteristic laxity of principle, after recognising RIVAS on the ground that he was a native President, allowed the American Minister, MR. WHEELER, to give support and countenance to his successor.

One of the principal claims of the Filibusters to the favour of their more ambitious countrymen was derived from the facilities which the possession of Nicaragua seemed to offer for the acquisition of Cuba. The Ostend manifesto and the Cincinnati platform held out visible encouragement to any adventurer who would undertake the risk of preparing the way for the desired annexation. It was therefore not unnatural that, as a Cuban malcontent, GOICURIA should find his offer of co-operation gladly received; and a formal compact was drawn up, by which WALKER promised, after establishing his own power, to use his resources "for the purpose of overthrowing Spanish tyranny in the island." But RIVAS was still nominally President, and the Nicaraguan Government appears not to have been committed to the pledges given by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. GOICURIA probably assumed that his confederate and leader had an understanding with the Government at Washington; but

WALKER himself seems to have entertained larger views. The annexation of Cuba could add strength only to the Southern States, and the more vehement advocates of the slaveholding cause have openly proclaimed their desire to form a separate Confederation. The supporters of this scheme have, moreover, generally professed a desire to enter into a close alliance with England; and WALKER attempted to take the first step towards the accomplishment of their purpose, by sending GOICURIA, as his envoy or agent, to open a negotiation with the English Government. The confidential instructions which have now been betrayed bear evident marks of sincerity. "Cuba must and shall be free," says the PRESIDENT, "but not for the Yankees. Oh, no! that fine country is not fit for those barbarous Yankees! What would such a psalm-singing set do in the island?" In cooler language, he desires his agent to "make the British Cabinet see that we are not engaged in any scheme for annexation. You can make them see that the only way to cut the expanding and expansive Democracy of the North is by a powerful and compact Southern Federation, based on military principles." The General misunderstands the feelings of England towards the United States, and he forgets the strength of the anti-slavery feeling; but his project is not deficient either in boldness or in sagacity.

GOICURIA now takes credit for fidelity to what he calls the cause of Cuba and America; but it does not appear that he separated himself from the policy of WALKER until causes of quarrel had arisen in which he was more immediately concerned. It seems that he was in some manner connected with MR. VANDERBILT, the head of the Transit Company, and the constant opponent of WALKER. These speculators had some time since obtained a charter from the Nicaraguan Government, and they are said to have been the prompters of the bombardment of Greytown by the United States' vessel *Cyane*. It was not unnatural that they should view with dislike the appearance of a rival adventurer, who soon justified their antipathy by demanding payment of certain claims inherited from the Government of CHOMORRO. After some discussion, WALKER seized on the vessels of the Transit Company, and at the same time published a statement of accounts which showed a balance of debt still in arrear. GOICURIA, who had already, according to his own account, disapproved of the restoration of slavery, was indignant at the treatment sustained by MR. VANDERBILT and his associates. The publication of confidential communications furnished a ready instrument of revenge; and all those who take an interest in the subject have now the means of appreciating the policy of the Nicaraguan President. The revival of slavery is perfectly consistent with the scheme of a Southern Federation; but the measure is premature, and it will probably alienate the North, without procuring substantial assistance from the Slave States. There is also considerable force in the taunt of his adversary, that "when he wants moral and financial support from England and France, he restores slavery and the slave-trade." The Washington politicians will probably never trouble themselves to remember that the English Government and nation were utterly regardless of the opportunity for checking "the expanding and expansive Democracy of the North."

The immediate dangers to which the Filibusters are exposed are not inconsiderable. The whole population of Central America desires their destruction; and it is said that one of the native leaders, CARRERA, President of Guatemala, is a man of considerable ability and energy. The climate which favours the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil has produced general degeneracy among the Spaniards. Except among the highlands of Costa Rica, the Indians are beginning to preponderate in vigour as well as in numbers, and they form a separate party in the confused conflicts which are perpetually carried on. CARRERA himself is, in part at least, Indian by descent, and he is supported by those of the same race who have acquired a partial civilization. Although it is not likely that any number of Indians or half-breeds can defeat the American adventurers in the field, all the advantages of numbers and of climate are on the side of the natives. If the conquest is completed, the decline of the Spanish race may offer a warning to the settlers from the North; but English or American energy and exclusiveness may perhaps long maintain a supremacy. The declaration that the Government of the South must be conducted on military principles, shows that the leader of the Filibusters is so far a statesman as to understand his true position.

THE GAROTTE AND CIVILIZATION.

AN able periodical of the present quarter, the *National Review*, in an article on "Crime in England and its Treatment," remarks that "a degree of security, both of person and property, is felt now, which probably was unknown at any past period of our history. Guilt," says the essayist, rising with his theme, "has not been destroyed; but it has been, to a certain extent, disarmed and driven out of sight. It has lost its original boldness. Instead of stopping carriages on Hounslow Heath, it pilfers in the streets of large cities. Offences against property without violence form at present the staple crime of England." It is true that carriages are not stopped on Hounslow Heath—for the very conclusive reasons, among others, that there is no longer a Hounslow Heath, and that travelling by public coach or private carriage is at an end. But you may be choked or garotted—not only robbed, but brutally beaten and mutilated—any day in the week in Lincoln's-inn-fields, or on the dreary side of Dover-street. There is not only pilfering, but something else, going on "in the streets of large cities." The *National Reviewer*, probably, seldom strays from the paternal or domestic hearth; and his experience of life in London differs from our own. Or, perhaps, his estimate of what constitutes "violence" against the person, and "boldness" on the part of the criminal, is pitched high, and it is to be admitted that he published his consoling speculations in October last; but, judging from the daily police reports, we should say that his recent congratulations on the hopeful state of crime are strangely out of season. Let us briefly recapitulate our metropolitan experience during a single month. On November 2, MARLEY, the ticket-of-leave man, murdered COPE, in Parliament-street. Nov. 4, we read of a soldier and a woman running a muck at the police, kicking, biting, and tearing all within their reach. On the same day, THEISS, a German soldier, stabs two policemen. Nov. 6, SISSELL, an Italian soldier, "stabs several persons with a most formidable-looking knife." PARKS, a ticket-of-leave man, robs a tobacconist, and commits a most violent assault on the shopman; and HUNTER, a ticket-of-leave man, commits a most daring garotte robbery on Mr. MASON, in Blackman-street, i. e. the largest street in Southwark. Nov. 10, an Italian soldier, COLLETTI, stabs people right and left, at Hoxton. Nov. 11, BOSREE, an Italian, stabs FLYNN with a dagger; and WHITE, a ticket-of-leave man, robs and nearly murders a man in the Hampstead-road. Nov. 13, VOIGT, a German soldier, attempts to stab a woman on Holborn-hill, who had resented an indecent insult; and LUZZI and MAXOSI, both of the Italian Legion, are guilty of a similar outrage, and stab a policeman. Nov. 18, DOWN, a convicted thief, robs and nearly strangles a man in Redcross-street, Borough. Nov. 19, TRAVERS is committed for robbing and garotting Mr. MOORE, in St. George's-road. On the 22nd, a complainant, "C. G.," announces an attempt to garotte him in St. James's-park; and the police reports of the same day record the case of a female practitioner of the gentle art of strangling. On the 24th, a lady is knocked down and robbed in Crawford-street. On the 27th, two garotte robbers are brought before the magistrates, having plied their trade, one in Rotherhithe, and one in Southwark. MORDE and LANGHAM, we read in the newspapers of Dec. 11, are committed for a highway robbery on four ladies in Wilson-street, Finsbury, at two o'clock in the afternoon; and a garotte robbery was committed on a lady in Bedford-square.

This is not much more than a month's handiwork—only a very few weeks of the extant crime which has "lost its original boldness." And this in the metropolis alone. To be sure, some of it exhibits an exotic variety of atrocity. It is only in sudden gluts that we are favoured with cargoes of West Indian pines, or with choice specimens of the ruffianism of Europe in the shape of the sediment of Foreign Legions; and, in either case, the importation makes its presence felt, or smelt, in our streets. But, making due abatement for these poniard cases, which are exceptional in the chronicles of English crime, it must at least be admitted that the garotte robberies are a very formidable innovation on the boasted security of London life. The fact is, that to walk three miles home from dinner along the best streets in London is just now a much more perilous undertaking than to make a night journey of ten miles in any other part of Europe, except Spain. Bands of garotters are, it seems, organized among us, just as banditti used to be in Mrs.

RADCLIFFE's novels. Precautions are as systematically taken against burglary in all our suburbs as against highwaymen on Finchley-common a century ago. Notting-hill is a *malpais* as notorious as the Abruzzi. As the swordcase behind old-fashioned carriages survives as a memorial of TURPIN's gallant days, so, in our days, adventurous travellers about London talk of reviving CROMWELL's steel shirt. A father of a family—perhaps after studying the Thirty-seventh Article of the Church—goes to the Mansion House, and desires to learn from the LORD MAYOR whether "it is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons" in general, and COLT's revolver in particular. "Knuckle-dusters" and life-preservers are inquired for; and the Paddington Vestry sends a deputation to Sir GEORGE GREY, complaining of the paucity of the police within their jurisdiction, and of the midnight terrors which infest St. John's Wood. Newspaper correspondents, in a strain of grim facetiousness, announce the possession of bowie-knives; and a Secretary of State is formally consulted on the expediency of enrolling special constables against organized bands of plunderers. On the whole, San Francisco seems a safer place than London itself.

There is a serious as well as a ludicrous side to all this. There can be no question that it is a grave, though a very simple, matter. That the crime of robbery attended with violence is on the increase, is indisputable. Can this be accounted for? Two causes occur to us as probably contributing to this change. While the development of the commercial spirit tends to multiply crimes against property, the recent war has unquestionably tended to give a darker colour to ordinary robberies. Disbanded soldiers, as in the cases of the three foreign desperadoes who on one day were charged with stabbing at the various police offices, make very doubtful citizens. Moreover, the fact that there is a good deal of police-watching in London, in a manner compels a highwayman, in the pursuit of his calling, to make sure work of it. In the good old days, we comparatively seldom heard of violence in connexion with robbery from the person. It rarely suited Mr. TURPIN's purpose to kill his victims. It would have been mere waste of time. The pistol was rather the sign of the craft—the armorial bearings of the knights of the road—than a murderous weapon. It was only resorted to as the final resource when the traveller showed fight. Now, however, the garotte is necessary to secure the plunder. It is next to impossible to get a watch or a purse in the streets of London without first making sure of its owner. The first step towards the booty must be to render its proprietor speechless or senseless. It is probably with regret that the metropolitan thief avails himself of the garotte, and it may be that its use does not, after all, show any deterioration in his once amiable disposition—still less in the general national character. What with gas, and what with the police, and what with the population, theft is daily becoming more and more difficult; and consequently, to be successful at all, it must be executed in a fiercer and speedier way. As in other things, so in this—time is money, and despatch is everything. SIXTEEN-STRINGED JACK, nowadays, takes to the garotte because it simplifies work, and does in a single minute, and without any noise, what formerly took a full quarter of an hour. This we take to be the philosophy of the garotte; and optimists will doubtless point to it as an unquestionable sign of advancing civilization.

Apart, however, from this theoretical and *a priori* view of the question, we must advert to one fact connected with the introduction of garotting. It certainly does synchronize with the universal mitigation of punishments. We know that there is a fallacy in the *post hoc propter hoc*; but here is the fact. The garotte and mild punishments are simultaneous novelties. Of course a large increase of the police would make this or any other crime less easy of perpetration; and whilst, as at present, we have no more than six thousand men for the whole night and day watch of the metropolis, it stands to reason that our lives and property are not sufficiently cared for. Two millions and a half of people, scattered as they are through daily increasing suburbs, cannot be guarded by three thousand policemen—and the numbers at any one time on duty never amount to this—against the intelligence, activity, and cruelty of the fifty thousand who constitute the dangerous classes of the metropolitan district. Still, the Paddington remedy of increasing the police force, which is at last promised by Sir GEORGE GREY, would only mitigate the evil. At the best, the police is rather a detective than a preventive force. We must crush garotting; and this can

only be done by putting an extinguisher on the most hardened and turbulent criminals. Unquestionably these are to be found among the classes whom we now-a-days "reform" instead of hanging or transporting.

And here a social problem of no little interest and difficulty meets us. Transportation is virtually at an end; and the seemingly severe sentences lately passed on garotters, of "transportation for fourteen years," and "transportation for life," notoriously mean something far less formidable to the criminal's imagination than what the words etymologically denote. We have but little faith in the schemes for creating Vancouver's Island or the land of Carpentaria into new Botany Bays. Philanthropists point to Reformatories as our only resource, not only as regards the criminal, but for our own sakes. It may be doubted, however, whether these institutions, admirable in themselves, meet the necessity of the times—which is not merely to reform criminals, but to prevent crime. This, as experience and common sense teach us, can only be done by making punishment more terrible. The reformation of the offender is a duty, but the protection of the innocent and unoffending is a still higher duty, and a far more crying necessity. The state of London at the present moment—the proved insecurity of life and property—is a disgrace to civilization, which must at all hazards be remedied. Following up the overstrained analogy which treats crime as a disease, we must not only cure our patients, but render infection impossible—we must not only reclaim the offender, but deter from crime. We own we do not see how this is to be done except by increasing the punishment of serious offences, especially those involving violence to the person. We do not recommend an increase of capital punishments; but secondary punishments must be made more severe, and justice requires that the penalty inflicted on crime should not be hushed up in a corner, but be seen of all men. A gang of chained convicts, with hard fare and hard work, displayed in White-chapel, would be but a sorry sight; but what would be its effects on the garotte robbers? If mercy fails in reforming our criminal population, why not try a little simple justice?

PHOTO-GALVANOGRAPHY.

THIS somewhat uncouth name has been chosen by the inventor, at once to designate and describe a very curious art, of which the first published specimens have just been given to the world. It is a process for the production, by the action of light and electricity alone, and without the aid of mechanical means, of a copper-plate, from which impressions are struck off in the ordinary manner. From first to last the hand of man has nothing to do with the production of the plate, except by setting in action the chemical forces concerned in the work. It may well be conceived that the details of the operations by which this remarkable result is arrived at are complicated; but the several stages are so distinct and well defined that it will not be difficult to present an intelligible outline of the process.

An ordinary photograph is, like any other picture, a flat surface, made up of lights and shades of different degrees of intensity. It occurred to M. Paul Pretsch, a gentleman who held the important post of manager of the Imperial and Government Printing-Office in Vienna, and who has been for many years indefatigable in his photographic researches, that it might be possible to discover a substance, or a combination of substances, upon which the action of light might be to cause not merely a darkening of the field, but an alteration in the level of the surface. A picture might thus be obtained photographically, in which the lights and shades should be represented by different degrees of elevation or depression of the surface, instead of by mere differences in the intensity of tint. If this could be effected, and the substance upon which the relief or the intaglio was produced were strong enough to bear pressure, it was reasonable to suppose that pictures might be printed from it in the common way—with printers' ink upon printers' paper. A long course of most patient and laborious investigation led to the discovery that preparations of gelatine, mixed with certain chemicals possessing photographic properties, might be so treated as to give the desired result. It was found that such mixtures might be made to swell in water, to contract in alcohol, to harden when treated with astringents, to become enlarged when treated with acids, and to sink under the application of warmth. Further research and experiment led to the development of this important principle, and ultimately to the elaboration of the curious art which M. Pretsch has called by the name of photo-galvanography, and which is now being worked on a large scale by a "Patent Photo-Galvanographic Company," at Holloway.

The first step in M. Pretsch's process consists in the production of a positive photographic picture of the subject which it is intended to engrave—whether that be a landscape, a painting, a statue, or any other subject. This is taken in the ordinary way,

but upon a very fine and transparent paper, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and at a cost four or five times as great as that of common positive paper—viz., about 13*l.* per ream, instead of 3*l.* or 4*l.* This picture will be exactly repeated throughout the subsequent processes, and both its excellences and defects impartially reproduced, so that no pains must be spared to make it as perfect as possible.

The next operation is the transfer of this impression to a surface capable of undergoing the peculiar changes which constitute the gist of the invention. Stout plates of glass are coated with gelatine which has been mixed with solutions of bichromate of potash, nitrate of silver, and iodide of potassium. These prepared plates are carefully dried in a room from which all white light is excluded, and where they are subjected to a gentle and uniform heat, and exposed to a slight current of air. This drying process occupies from one to two days, and when it is complete, the coated plates are ready for use. The photographic picture is then laid upon the gelatine surface, and exposed, in a common pressure frame, to the action of atmospheric light. The period of exposure varies much, according to the state of the air, the time of the year, and the temperature; but four or five hours may be taken as the average. It is only practice that enables the operator to judge, by the appearance of that part of the plate which is not covered by the paper, when the necessary exposure has taken place. The yellowish red, which was the original colour of the film, has now deepened into a rich and beautiful claret; and on the removal of the paper, a somewhat faint negative picture will be found printed upon the film. Now comes the important change. The claret-coloured negative is but a collection of lights and shades; but upon being laid for a few seconds in a bath of water, carbonate of soda, or borax, according to circumstances, it is instantly, as if by magic, transformed into a raised surface, in which the elevation of the different portions is in exact proportion to the intensity of the shades in the original picture, or in inverse proportion to their intensity in the negative. It would seem as if the effect of light on the film were at once to darken and to harden, so that those portions which have been fully exposed to the actinic rays—namely, the high lights of the original picture (in which parts it offers but little obstruction to the transmission of the rays)—are impervious to the liquid of which the bath is composed; while in the dark shades of the original pictures, which are lights in the negative, the hardening effect has been scarcely felt, and the liquid, entering freely, swells the gelatine, and causes the surface to rise. By a succession of similar operations, in the course of which the film is treated with alcohol, and with some astringent, the proper degree of inequality of surface is attained, and the soft gelatinous film is sufficiently hardened to admit of a mould being taken from it, in gutta-percha, by a process which is a combination of pressure and casting.

In the gelatine picture, the dark shades of the original photograph, or of the object, are the portions most elevated, while the high lights of the object are the least raised. In the gutta-percha mould, consequently, the parts in the deepest intaglio represent the darkest shades of nature, so that, were the material suitable, the mould would be fit to engrave from; and in order to obtain the copper plate from which the engravings are struck off, a double electrotype process is necessary. By the first, a plate is produced, like the gelatine picture, in *relievo*—in the second, this becomes the matrix, upon which is deposited the copper plate fit for the purposes of engraving. The time required for the production of the plates differs considerably at different seasons and in different weather; but for the deposition of the matrix from one to two days is necessary. The plate from which the engravings are to be printed must be much stronger, and it takes from ten days to a fortnight to obtain the necessary thickness.

Copper deposited by the electrotype process is never so tough and hard as rolled or beaten copper, and hence the plate is sooner worn out than an ordinary copper plate engraved by hand; but the relieved plate first obtained will serve as a matrix for any number of intaglio plates—the last of which will be just as good as the first, so that any difficulty on that score may be easily obviated. Each plate will produce about 500 impressions with little sensible deterioration.

The picture on the gelatine will of course be reversed from the original positive—the gutta-percha mould will be reversed from the gelatine—and so on; so that, assuming the original photograph to be a correct copy of the object represented, we shall get the gelatine, and the copper matrix, reversed—the gutta-percha mould and the final copper-plate, right; and consequently the engraving will be reversed. With many classes of subjects, this is of no consequence—there are others in which it would be a most serious, not to say a fatal, blemish. There are two ways in which the process may be modified to meet this difficulty. By heating the gelatine film at a certain stage of the process, the picture is obtained sunk, instead of raised; or the original positive may be laid face upwards, with the back touching the gelatine, when the gelatine picture will be in the right position, the gutta-percha mould reversed, the copper matrix right, the copper-plate reversed, and the picture consequently right. With a paper positive, this can only be done successfully when the paper is remarkably fine and transparent, and the subject favourable; but there will be no difficulty in using cameras for the purpose of taking the initial photograph which shall give a reversed picture—when, of course,

by proceeding in the manner first described, the final engraving will be in the right position.

M. Pretsch has also made experiments which show that the principle he has discovered may be applied to produce a raised plate from which what is called surface-printing—the kind of printing used for woodcuts and for common letter-press—may be executed. It is likewise applicable to the chemical printing commonly known as lithography and zincography; but his labours have been chiefly directed to intaglio printing, which he believes will always be found to give the finest results.

The process above described, though complicated, has the advantage of consisting of several distinct operations which are independent of one another, and most of which may be performed at any intervals of time that may be convenient. The original photograph need not be used for months after it is taken—the gelatine picture may be preserved, with care, for a great length of time—the gutta-percha mould will keep for ever—and the copper matrix will yield any number of precisely similar plates. When the manipulation is once thoroughly understood, and a body of workmen are well trained to the new operations, the copper plates will be produced with great ease and certainty. The most costly part of the process is the electrotyping. The gelatine and the chemicals are comparatively inexpensive, and the glass plates may be used over and over again, any number of times. The enormous labour of line engraving—requiring, as it does, a prodigious amount of industry, skill, and eyesight—is almost altogether dispensed with. Some of the plates do not require a single touch, though many have to be cleaned and “rubbed down” before they are in a fit state to print from; and some are very much improved by touching up here and there. But ninety-nine hundredths of the work is done when the plate comes out of the electrolyte bath; and a plate which would take the engraver a twelvemonth of unremitting labour to execute can be turned out by this process, allowing ample time for any touching up that may be wanted, in four or five weeks. Thus the mere saving in the expensive item of highly skilled labour is immense; and, what is of more consequence, the touch of nature’s own finger is preserved, and an accuracy—in many cases of the utmost importance—is attained, to which any mere mechanical skill must of necessity be inadequate.

The right way in which to test the success of the art is by comparison of its results with those of ordinary engraving, rather than with photographs; for it must be remembered that photography is concerned only with the initial part of the process—viz., copying the subject to be engraved. “Engravers ink and engravers’ paper” should be the motto of the company, if they wish to convey a correct idea of the nature of their productions. The test of success therefore is, whether a copper-plate can be produced as good as, or better than, one engraved by hand. The advantages of better tint and superior durability which engraving possesses over photography, are secured by the present, equally with the ordinary process. They are, in fact, inseparable from printing by mechanical means, as compared with printing by the chemical action of light. Apart, therefore, from the important economical considerations involved, comparison of the results of the two methods is to be made from an artistic, rather than from a scientific point of view.

It is obvious that the successful application of the art will be bounded by the same limits as those which circumscribe the power of photography itself. A subject which is not well adapted for photography cannot give a good photo-galvanographic picture. You are at fault in the first stage of the process, and the subsequent operations will do nothing but repeat the original imperfections. Hence, landscapes will not in general be favourable subjects; and we doubt whether the Company have done wisely in publishing, in the first number of their *Photographic Art Treasures*, three landscapes out of four pictures. Whatever it may effect hereafter, photography has certainly not yet grappled successfully with the difficulties of landscape art, and hence the *Photographic Art Treasures* appear to us to give a very inadequate idea of the power of M. Pretsch’s invention. The architectural subjects, on the contrary, are of extraordinary beauty. The Doorway of Strasburg Cathedral—an engraving eighteen inches by twelve, from the well-known photograph of Bisson frères—is distinguished by a breadth of light and shade, a softness of tint, and a richness of detail, such as we have rarely seen in an engraving. Some imperfections in the upper part of the original photograph have been but too faithfully transcribed, but the lower two-thirds of the picture, including the richly decorated doorway, are perfect. There is also a copy of the *Venus de Milos*, from the Louvre, which is, we think, by far the most promising specimen yet published. The plate, we are assured by M. Pretsch and Mr. Fenton, has never been touched since it came from the electrolyte bath. Probably it might be somewhat improved by a little “rubbing down;” but it is so exquisite a production that it has been wisely resolved to leave it untouched, as a proof of what the unassisted art can do. There is a brilliancy in the lights, and a depth in the shades, and at the same time a delicate gradation of tints, and a softness about the whole picture, which we have never seen approached by any other process, and which we believe has been pronounced by very competent judges to be wholly beyond the reach of hand-engraving. This picture affords a good illustration of the superior cheapness of photo-galvanography. It is in the very highest style of art, and is sold

at little more than one fourth of the price at which such a picture engraved by hand could be produced.

It is a hopeful circumstance that those engaged in the art find themselves able to make almost daily progress. The *Venus* is one of the latest productions, and, as we have said, by far the best. Some of the figure pieces, photographed from the life, are excellent. There is a group of “Crimean Braves,” from a photograph of Mr. Howlett’s, which is not yet ready for printing, but the first proofs of which give promise of a result hardly inferior to the *Venus*; and a fancy piece of “Don Quixote in his study,” from a photograph by Mr. Lake Price, which is now being printed, is admirable. In fact, wherever a really good photograph can be taken, the process appears almost certain of success. The stereoscopic views promise very well, and will be sold at about a third or fourth of the usual price. For engraving inscriptions, statuary, vases, and antiquities of all kinds, specimens of natural history, and especially microscopic objects, and for scientific purposes in general, the invention will be most valuable, from the perfect accuracy with which every minute detail of the original will be given, and the fidelity with which the proportions of different parts will be preserved, as well as the cheapness and facility with which copies may be multiplied.

We have spoken of landscapes as ill adapted for photo-galvanography; but of course this remark applies only to the scenery of nature, and not to landscape pictures, which are as easily copied by photography as any others. Indeed, we have seen at the Company’s works landscapes copied from oil paintings, the engravings of which, judging from the photographs, will be of singular delicacy and beauty. The exactness with which every touch and stroke of the original is copied will render this process a valuable auxiliary to the study of art in all its branches. The best and rarest originals—whether painted, engraved, or drawn—may be accurately copied and indefinitely multiplied at much less cost than has hitherto been possible; while the characteristic peculiarities of touch and handling which belong to the master, and which it is often impossible for the engraver to preserve, will be rendered with scrupulous fidelity and unerring accuracy. Nor are we without the hope that photography may yet achieve the difficult task of producing a good landscape—in which case there will hardly be any limits to the applications of which M. Pretsch’s beautiful art will be capable. There is already one kind of scenery in the representation of which photography has met with signal success—we mean the rock and glacier scenery of Switzerland; and we recommend the “Photo-Galvanographic Company” early to turn their attention in this interesting direction.

A NATIONAL GALLERY WANTED.

A ROYAL Commission, comprehending names eminent in art, literature, and science, has just been appointed to consider the questions of the site of the National Gallery, and of amalgamating with it the artistic and archeological departments of the British Museum. Legislation is, of course, suspended until this Commission shall have reported; but criticism need not go to sleep, and we take the earliest opportunity of recapitulating the opinions to which reflection has led us, and which we have in the main already indicated.

It is obvious that the safety of the pictures is the consideration before which all others must bend. Without doubt, it was this which led to the honoured name of Faraday appearing on the Commission; and in such hands all may be well content to leave the solution. If the verdict is unfavourable, we can only acquiesce. But we claim that the case on which the verdict is to be taken shall be complete. A polluted Thames, and a mass of smoky dwelling-houses between the National Gallery and the Palace of Westminster, may well combine to produce an atmosphere deleterious to pictures, which would not be noxious were those conditions of evil removed. We have little fear that the cleansing of the Thames will be overlooked. But we are bound equally to insist upon the Commissioners not ignoring the possibility of the great metropolitan lung—the chain of West-end parks—being carried sheer down to the river, across the entire space which lies between the Gallery and the Parliament House, only encumbered with Whitehall Chapel, and with that one Palace of Administration in which all that science can effect will be adopted to neutralize the chemical disadvantages which the necessities of warmth engender. Then, as to the capabilities of the actual site, the question of combining with the Gallery the artistic treasures of the Museum will have to be considered. This is a matter which cannot wholly be solved on its own merits. The removal might be desirable if only a sufficient and desirable site could be found for the Art Museum—or, again, so desirable a site might be found for the latter as to turn the balance. Assuming, then, the two alternatives—either (which is not so probable) that the site in Trafalgar-square would be spacious enough for the combined repository, by throwing in the barracks behind—or that, the combination being abandoned, it was only a question of a picture gallery—we should urge that popular clamour ran rather fast last year in dealing with the removal of the National Collection as a foregone conclusion. Not only is it central and accessible to a proverb—for Dr. Johnson, before West or North-west London existed, laid down

that the full tide of human existence passed through Charing-cross—but the retention on that site, of some public building (not a monster tavern), is indispensable towards the completion of that *sine qua non*, the new river-side Park, of which it would form the northern boundary. And if there must be a public building, then it is as well to consider if it may not be one devoted to the purposes of the present Gallery.

But we will suppose that the public building at the top of Trafalgar-square is to be occupied for some other object—whither is the National Gallery to migrate? This question assumed a party form last year. The less popular side was strongly in favour of the Kensington Gore estate, while the popular voice clamoured for Kensington Palace; and so the matter has come to its present dead-lock. For our own part, we could not excite ourselves into enthusiasm either way. It seemed to us, viewing the channels into which the omnibus traffic had thrown itself, that the inaccessibility of the Gore site had been exaggerated; and we likewise saw more clearly (or at least *said* more clearly) than other journals, that the Palace scheme would require Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens to be revolutionized, by the driving across them of a straight arterial road leading to the new Gallery. This might or might not be a public benefit; but it was a consideration of the highest importance which the advocates of that site had no right to overlook. In another aspect, we were firmly opposed to the pecuniary plea of the possible profit which would follow the re-sale to builders of the Gore property. We considered, and do consider, that to throw away a new lung of the Capital after it had thus been potentially secured, would be a sacrilege against the health and happiness of London. At the same time, we felt that, architecturally viewed, the Gore site would be ill-suited for an imposing building, owing to its lying low, and being overlooked by Hyde-park. In this respect, therefore, we were bound to consider it as undesirable.

Happily, as we have already had occasion to show, the list of possible positions is not exhausted with these two. There is a plot of ground in the metropolis, unencumbered by any building more permanent than a glasshouse, of which the Crown is actual freeholder, and which presents a combination of advantages such as neither the Gore nor the Palace possesses. We mean the "Inner Circle" of the Regent's Park. This is, at the first aspect, a space of a regular shape—*viz.*, a perfect circle—defined by actual roads, and accessible by different approaches. It stands high—far above the level, not of the Gore merely, but of Kensington Palace—and is separated by a broad expanse of park-ground from all smoke-producing habitations. When we investigate the further and main question of superficial capacity, its desirability becomes even more apparent. The present National Gallery, a building very thin in proportion to its length, has a frontage of 500 feet. The area on which the British Museum stands (including the spacious court in front) is a trapezium, of which the longest side measures about 700 feet. The extreme length of the Palace of Westminster, from the river angle in a line with the Victoria Tower to that of the Clock Tower, is 1000 feet, with a breadth (where it is not thickened by Westminster Hall and the Law Courts) of between 200 and 300 feet. The Inner Circle has a diameter of 1000 feet; and it admits therefore of being covered by a structure of infinitely greater superficies than any of those which we have named, and one much more ample than the Crystal Palace. Of course this edifice would have to be designed on some plan involving a central hall, with radiating galleries. For a classified Museum, no better arrangement could be devised—we might almost say none so good. The pictures might be ranged upstairs, with skylights—the archaeological collections in the ground-floor rooms. Access and egress would be very convenient in a building with various mouths; while the most abundant standing room for carriages could be at once provided by an enlargement of the existing ring-road. Avenues from the East and the South already lead up to the area, and a bridge over the lake is all that is needful for a westward road, opening opposite Sussex-place. As to the architectural effect of such a National Gallery, the most barren imagination can have no difficulty in conceiving the magnificent aspect of the edifice, with its central hall crowned—as crowned it must be—by an august cupola, lofty and spacious, and visible from points of view more numerous than most metropolitan positions enjoy.

All these considerations prove how very desirable the site is, viewed in itself. How far will it meet popular convenience, in its relation to other localities? Far better, we have no hesitation in replying, than either of those at Kensington. As for the general public, it is close to the great omnibus line of London—the New-road. The holiday-maker will find it in the middle of one of the most delightful of the landscape gardens which London offers for his healthful recreation. With a view to artistic convenience, it is in the immediate proximity of what has now become a particularly artistic locality—Albany and Osna-burgh-streets, with the portions of the town adjacent to the south side of the New-road. It is very near the other artistic quarter about Dorset-square. Its distance from the British Museum, which would still continue to be the national Library, if not the Museum of Science also, is not very considerable—*viz.*, under 1½ mile, as the crow flies. On the other hand, the Museum is separated from the Gore by the space of 2½ linear miles, and from the Palace by upwards of 2½ miles. We need not waste time in showing how desirable it is for art and antiquarian

students to have the Public Library and the Public Collection within a reasonable distance of each other. This consideration will, we have no doubt, be felt to be an *à priori* difficulty by the Commission against dividing the British Museum. But if the imperative demand for more book space, and the superior affinities of the picture museum, call for the change, there can be no question that the break should be made as gentle as possible, by rather seeking a site near the old national collection—and now Library—than one which is actually miles apart. The Louvre, we may remark, is not very far off from the Library in the Rue Richelieu.

There seems to us to be but one practical difficulty in the way of the site:—*viz.*, What shall we do with the actual tenants—the Royal Botanical Society? This is a difficulty of which, luckily, antecedent arrangements afford the solution. Let the Gore estate, in whole, or in part, be given in exchange. It was nursery-ground, and has therefore been worked up into the condition most desirable for a similar, though higher, destination. Again, the confessedly healthful air of Brompton will be of peculiar advantage to the plants. So converted, it will continue what we will never desist in asserting it ought to continue—an open space—a lung—a pleasure-ground of our overgrown, crowded Babel. It will also meet the financial question, for, of course, the grant to the Society will be so conditioned as to make it gladly surrender the lease; while we trust the concession will be accompanied by some condition which shall render it impossible for the ground ever to fall into the builders' clutches.

Anyhow, something ought to be done, and that quickly, to solve the National Gallery question. A proof of the general craving for a worthy English Louvre is to be found in the coming Manchester Exhibition; and the papers of the present week afford another proof in Mr. Sheepshanks' munificent donation of his collection to the public. We honour him for the gift, and we honour him for placing it under responsible Ministerial charge. One little mistake he has committed, in proposing that the Minister into whose hands it is to be entrusted should be the Minister of Education. It is abundantly clear that, when an efficient Minister of Works is created, he must take charge of the national collections, together with the buildings which contain them. But this is a matter of detail; and we cannot conceive that, when that new Minister is constituted—a work merely of time, and not long time either—there would be any difficulty in transferring this or any other gallery to his custody.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT AT ST. PAUL'S.

OUR readers will bear in mind that, on the announcement of the terms of the Government competition for the Wellington Monument, while speaking, certainly without stint, in general praise of the largeness and completeness of the official proposals, we hinted at one or two defects in the scheme, which time has more fully brought out. In order to understand a recent correspondence between the Sculptors' Institute and the Board of Works, we must recapitulate the conditions of the competition. It was to be open to "artists of all countries." The conditions required "models of one-fourth size of the intended monument, which is not to exceed at the base 13 feet by 9 feet." It was to be "erected at a cost not exceeding 20,000*l.*; the material to be of marble, stone, bronze, or granite, or any of these in combination; the models from English artists to be sent in by the 1st June—from foreigners, by the 25th June, 1857; and to be publicly exhibited in July, 1857." The premiums were, "1st, 700*l.*; 2nd, 500*l.*; 3rd, 300*l.*; 4th, 200*l.*; and five others of 100*l.* each;" and all the models were to be "the property of the Government." On the very first appearance of the plan, we took the liberty of saying that the judges of the competition ought to have been named in announcing it. And, as it seems, the sculptors generally are of our mind. On October the 25th, they addressed to Sir Benjamin Hall four queries:—

1. Will designs which deviate from the stated dimensions be accepted in competition?
2. Are the designs to be publicly exhibited prior to the decision of the judges?
3. The names of the judges?
4. Is the execution of the Monument to be entrusted to the winner of the first prize?

To these Sir Benjamin Hall replied as follows:—

To the first, with a distinct and satisfactory No!

2. No further information than that afforded by the specifications can be given.

3. The judges are not selected.

4. The Government does not bind itself to employ the author of the best design.

Hereupon the sculptors rejoice:—1. That they are well pleased with the reply to their first question; and, in fact, to have put it at all strikes us as rather impertinent in the artists, were they not justified by certain unpleasant historical recollections. Of course, if they knew, or even suspected, that any job was imminent, they were right in making assurance surer; but since it is well known that the Baron Marochetti has, even in spite of the laudatory notice in the *Times*, destroyed the famous model of which we and other disparaging critics (if any such there were) were not worthy, we are disposed to regret that it was thought necessary by the sculptors to urge a

question which insinuates bad faith on the part of the Government. As to points 2, 3, and 4, we find that the sculptors construe the oracular response from the Board of Works in its worst possible meaning; and assuming that the exhibition is not to precede the award—that the judges will not be named long before the exhibition—and that the artist of the best design will “probably not be employed to carry out the work”—they proceed, as the saying is, to fling cold water on the whole scheme. Sir B. Hall, in a somewhat testy answer, hits the only blot in the sculptors’ schedule of grievances, and remarks, truly enough, that “he has not given any ground for the statement that the best artist ‘will probably not be employed,’” &c. But “he desires further to remark”—with a most chivalrous, not to say Quixotic contempt of consequences, as well as disregard of all principles which can alone make a competition honest—“that it would be most inconvenient to nominate the judges until such time” (we copy the slip-slop of “Alfred Austin, Secretary”) “as the models shall have been sent in for exhibition.” He then falls foul of the word “sketches,” used by the sculptors, as though the phrase were identical with a paper drawing—utterly ignorant that the word is a term of art, and always applied to a clay or plaster model. But on the vital point of the priority of the exhibition to the decision, the First Commissioner is silent.

We much regret all this. The Board of Works is doing its best to nullify its own liberal scheme; and, from all that is published, we augur but ill for the competition. Possibly the Institute of British Sculptors may mean more than they express in their memorial. Not unnaturally, perhaps, they have a suspicion that, after all, it is intended to employ the artist of the Scutari Monument. On this point, at any rate, we can arbitrate. We have spoken decidedly on Baron Marochetti’s proposed Wellington Monument; and the world has pronounced very definitely on the Scutari Obelisk. But we have also said distinctly that the British sculptors must rise far indeed above the soulless and “unideal” idealisms of Pagan Victories, and Fames, and stupid semi-Christian allegories which they have hitherto produced, to win in this European competition. If we are severe critics of Marochetti’s productions, we are certainly no eulogists of “British art,” even after its latest triumph in the Napier statue. It is not, therefore, so much on account of the discouragement which it offers to native talent, of which we hear quite as much as we see, that we object to Sir B. Hall’s decision, as because a competition so contracted is a wrong to art, and must prevent many distinguished artists, foreigners as well as Englishmen, from entering the lists.

The decision about the judges is quite without precedent. In the competition for the Houses of Parliament, and for the works of art which were to decorate it—and, more recently, in a European competition at Lille—the judges were announced contemporaneously with the scheme of prizes. At cattle-shows and poultry-shows the same rule obtains. The only possible objection to it is, that an artist designs in order to hit the taste of a particular judge; but, on the other hand, there is the paramount consideration urged by the sculptors, that it is “of great importance that the judges should be at once publicly known, in order especially that foreign artists might be fully assured that the tribunal would be of the highest character and position, and consist of those most competent to decide on the relative merits of sketches; and further, that the judges, knowing they were to undertake the office, would then scrupulously refrain from visiting the studios of competitors, and from allowing themselves to be in any way influenced by artists or their friends.”

The other difficulty is not so easily solved. Should the public exhibition precede or follow the award of prizes? There are precedents both ways. At the Parliament-house competition, the public exhibition followed the award—at Lille, it preceded it. The sculptors are in favour of the Lille plan, because they think “that by an anterior exhibition, public feeling and opinion might be ascertained, the operation of which would possibly be valuable in contributing towards an impartial selection.” No doubt, if favouritism in the judges or examiners is the only danger in awarding prizes or in settling a class list, it is advisable to let the models be exhibited before the artists are crowned. But, on the other hand, this is reducing the judge to a mere registrar of newspaper criticism; and while a partial judge is a danger in one direction, an ignorant popular cry is equally to be guarded against in the other. On the whole, however, the balance of our convictions is, that the sculptors are right; and at any rate, if they made a point of it, the request is one which liberality and sympathy on the part of the Board of Works ought to have conceded. Sir Benjamin Hall has gone out of his way to put himself in the wrong; and if, as is plain, he thinks the sculptors unnecessarily suspicious, policy might have dictated him to yield where he could lose nothing by courtesy to the artists. As it is, the competitors have got a grievance, and the sculptors are furnished with an excuse for imputations of which the Government ought to have prevented the possibility. The points, both of the judges and of the priority of exhibition, may be, in Sir B. Hall’s judgment, pedantry and obtrusiveness on the part of the Sculptors’ Institute. If so, by yielding them, he would have deprived the Institute of every excuse for retreating from the competition, and he would have prevented the possibility of imputations which, whether suggested or not in good faith, are now sure to be freely offered, and not without justice, against the whole scheme.

And so with regard to the last objection. Here we entirely agree with the Institute. The author of the selected design ought to receive a distinct pledge that he should execute the work—always supposing that it is fit to be executed at all. On this rock the Lille *concours* failed, and its final adjudication entailed upon it the censure of all artists. Unless the best artist—the author of the selected model and winner of the first prize—is employed, we cannot defend the principle of competition in art. It is simply dishonest—as was done both at Lille, and more recently at Manchester—for the Commission to crown certain designs, to secure them as their property, and then to throw the three or four prize plans into the hands of some strangers, out of which to construct an unprincipled *cento*. If this is what the Board of Works intends—and Sir Benjamin Hall’s scheme is ominous—we can only anticipate a complete failure of the whole scheme. Already the artists have established a grievance, of which, for all sorts of reasons, good and bad, they will not be slow to avail themselves. Already we hear of very distinguished persons, both at home and abroad, declining, or threatening to decline, this competition.

There is yet time to remedy these mistakes. It can be only the interest, as it is plainly the duty, of the Board of Works to ensure the largest range of European skill, and to enlist, without grudging, the fullest confidence. That confidence, though suspended, may be recovered. Let the conditions be revised, and let the three points urged by the Sculptors’ Institute be gracefully conceded. If, as is plain, they are not matters of principle, let them be yielded gracefully; and if another six months is wanted, let the period for sending in models be extended. We cannot afford to throw away 24,000*l.* in premiums, or a commission for 20,000*l.* upon questions of etiquette and temper. Unfortunately, confidence is lost between the contracting powers; and unless it can be restored, the competition for the Wellington Monument will be a discreditable failure. In all competitions, there is a risk of imputations of jobbery and favouritism. Government Commissions are especially open to this charge; and we sincerely regret that any occasion for it should be given in a memorial in which the interests of art are so deeply concerned.

As relates to the original conditions, we must venture upon a special criticism. The solitary datum of size—at least of the base—is “thirteen feet by nine feet;” but the height is not specified as it ought to have been. We are disposed to think that the ideal of the Board of Works is, after all, only what is technically called a mural monument—a reproduction of one of those incongruous masses of masonry which, in utter contempt of the building and its architecture, are stuck against the walls of Westminster Abbey. We are by no means prepared to suggest that the actual tomb-house of Wellington should be brought into the design, and, as at the *Inatides*, that the crypt should be thrown open to the dome; for we believe that the original purpose of the dome is for a *ciborium* for the altar—neither are we recommending the sacrifice of the floor under the dome, even for Wellington and Nelson. We do protest, however, against any conditions which even seem—and to our minds those of the Board of Works are open to this suspicion—to confine the *motif* of the Wellington Memorial to an attached mural monument.

THE “SOULAGES” COLLECTION.

THREE rooms on the upper floor of Marlborough House, en suite with those in which the objects purchased for the nation at the Bernal sale are deposited, are temporarily occupied by the Soulages Collection of Cinque-Cento antiquities. Many of our readers may know the circumstances under which these beautiful specimens of mediæval art are now exhibited. M. Soulages, an advocate of Toulouse, formed his collection in Italy, between twenty and thirty years ago, before public attention was directed towards the decorative art of the Renaissance, and before the value of objects of *vertù* had risen to its present almost fabulous height. He has steadily refused to part with any of his treasures separately, but was willing to sell the whole Collection for the moderate sum of 11,000*l.* Fortunately for England, the French Government was not the purchaser. A number of English gentlemen subscribed to a guarantee fund, and bought the whole collection, which they now offer to the nation for 13,000*l.*—the additional 2000*l.* having been absorbed in interest, insurance, and packing. The Committee of Privy Council for Trade have given permission for the exhibition of the Collection at the Museum of Ornamental Art; and it probably depends on the degree of interest manifested by the public, whether the nation is to be the purchaser of the whole Collection in its integrity, or merely of some of its choicer specimens, in the event of its dispersion by auction. We are quite sure that, in the present state of amateurship, and considering the passion for Cinque-Cento art which (among other things) M. Labarte’s *Hand-book* has not only encouraged but informed, the Government would be the gainer by purchasing the Collection as a whole. A much larger sum would be obtained by the present possessors, were they to offer the Collection to public sale; but this advantage they are content, with much liberality and good taste, to forego, in the hope that the National Museum of Art, which is as yet only a vision of the future, may reckon among its contents some specimens, especially of Majolica, to which there is nothing

superior, perhaps nothing equal, in the Hôtel de Cluny or in the Louvre.

M. Soulagès collected with great judgment and discrimination; and it may be said that of about 800 objects, of which his museum consists, not one is without great value and interest. We need hardly enumerate some of the less important classes into which the contents are divided. Of furniture there are some good specimens—chairs, cabinets, pictures in original carved frames, a magnificent chandelier, and a grand chimney-piece in marble. There are also bronze ornaments, and some Venetian glass; some fine medals; enamels of Limoges; good examples, in steel manufacture, of locks, keys, and knives; among ivories, a beautiful diptych of Evangelic scenes, and some combs; a few silk tissues, and some miscellaneous articles. But it is in Majolica that the Soulagès Collection is most rich; and a careful descriptive Catalogue of this part of the Collection, by Mr. J. C. Robinson, Curator of the Marlborough House Museum, enables the visitor to understand and enjoy thoroughly these extraordinary examples of decorative art. Mr. Robinson's introductory matter, and some of his dissertations occurring incidentally in the Catalogue, are likely to be very useful in spreading a knowledge of this department of art. We see that he announces a formal treatise on Majolica, which we shall be very glad to welcome. Let us hope that, in that work, he will provide us with an intelligible English nomenclature. Many of the technical terms used in the present Catalogue, borrowed from Italian treatises, are sufficiently puzzling. And if our artisans in the Staffordshire Potteries are really to profit by the opportunity of examining these fine works of their Italian predecessors, they must be able to comprehend, and to adopt as their own, a good descriptive terminology. It is a problem of the deepest interest, whether we shall really see such an improvement in our home manufactures as may reasonably be hoped for from the wise and far-sighted policy lately adopted in extending among the working-classes the means of art-culture. In no branch of art is the development more hopefully inaugurated than in our ceramic manufactures; and there is no reason why Stoke and Burslem should not in time rival the choicest works of Faenza or Gubbio.

It is expected that the Soulagès Collection will travel to Manchester, to form part of the extraordinary exhibition of art which is promised us next summer. May we not plead that, on its return to its permanent home in London, the Majolica portion may halt awhile in the Potteries district, in order that these beautiful forms and colours and lustres may become familiar to the eyes of those who should be encouraged to reproduce them? It is a curious thing that, of all these specimens of domestic art which M. Soulagès collected from the Medieval or Cinquecento times—at least of Italian origin—not one is base or hideous. There may be exceptions in the products of the more northern countries—as witness the coarse *cruche* in "Grès de Flandres" (No. 166), which is nothing but a gigantic and repulsive cauliflower. But how noble is the art in all the Italian porcelain—in plates, or basins, or vases, or fruit-dishes—or ornaments, such as (No. 84) an inkstand (a perfect gem) representing a young man playing the organ, most finished and delicate in expression and design! It may be very long before our English manufactories cease to turn out thousands of those mean keepsake-mugs inscribed "A Present from Buxton"—or those preposterous groups of the heroes of the late war, from Pelissier to Miss Nightingale, in grotesque costume and staring colours, which you will see on the chimney-piece of many a village inn or cottage. But we cannot help thinking that our potters will not be quite so well satisfied with such atrocious mockeries of art, when they have seen, for instance, such charming keepsakes as some of the lovers' tokens—*Majolica amatoria*—which abound in the Soulagès Collection. Some of these plates are the most beautiful in the whole collection. See, for example, the exquisite *fruttiera* plate (No. 19), with the full face of the young girl on a dark blue ground, powdered with lustrous stars, and an epigrammatic inscription—or, again, the fine portrait of Perugino (No. 9), which is positively startling in its intensity, and which you can hardly believe to be merely earthenware. The four birds in the wreath surrounding this noble work are matchless for power and spirit. Among other of the more remarkable specimens we will name the sumptuous dish (No. 11, f), which is covered, in the boldest drawing and colouring, with a copy of Raffaele's "Gathering of the Manna;" and No. 47, representing, in a composition of the most elaborate kind, the enthronization of Leo X. (No. 36, s), a deep dish, with the monogram of the Holy Name for its subject, is a most charming specimen of harmonious colour; and No. 58, a tazza, with No. 88, an ewer, are of the very highest order of ceramic art. No. 95, a two-handled vase, of Hispano-Moresco ware, and No. 102, a large tazza, are more interesting in their historical connexion. The former gives occasion to Mr. Robinson for some valuable remarks on the descent of the Italian Majolica, through Majorca or Spain, from the Arabs, to whom he assigns the honour of the original discovery of the process of stanniferous enamelling. With respect to this "lustre," we may here say, once for all, that we doubt if any collection in the world can show so many, or so fine, examples of this marvellously beautiful, but lost, process, as that of M. Soulagès. We have here a complete series of the *lustred* works of Maestro Giorgio, of Gubbio, the most celebrated

artist in this peculiar ornamentation. Such of our readers as may not have had an opportunity of seeing any *lustred* Majolica may be told that it is a method of applying metallic pigments so as to produce a brilliant iridescent radiance, exceeding anything which modern art has attempted. The process is quite lost; and its recovery must be, we should think, a north-west passage to all students of ceramic chemistry.

The collection has, besides its Majolica, some fine specimens of Palissy ware, especially No. 144, which is an example of the higher class of subjects attempted by that artist and his school. We are too apt to think the fish-ware the best, as it is undoubtedly the most characteristic, of Palissy's works. The present ewer is assigned by Mr. Robinson to Jean Goujon. A Swiss "plateau" (No. 157), by Caspar Enderlein, is interesting historically. The Flemish works (one of which we have mentioned above) seem to show how soon a certain debasement of feeling in art commenced among that unpoetical people. Two admirable specimens of Luca della Robbia's ware—sculpture in high relief, covered with an enamelled glaze of brilliant colouring—are the last examples that we shall particularize. We have said enough, we hope, to induce our readers to visit the Soulagès Collection, and to use their best endeavours to secure so priceless a treasure for the national benefit.

ADVICE GRATIS.

ONE of the lively writers—we believe it was Jules Janin—sent over by the French newspapers to describe London at the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851, concluded a wonderfully flattering portrait by saying that in England the policeman was "the Providence of the street." We do not know whether it has ever occurred to our readers to remark how faithfully some such phrase as this would describe the functions of our stipendiary magistrates. Hardly a day passes in which the columns of police intelligence in the morning papers do not afford some illustration of the curiously multifarious duties which these gentlemen discharge—with very rare exceptions indeed—in the kindest, most efficient, and most unpretending manner. The criminal jurisdiction of the police courts is, of course, by far their most important function; but besides their statutable authority, they have been, in practice, invested with a sort of anomalous function, which consists principally in giving advice to any one who may choose to apply for it, upon any kind of subject which affects, however remotely, the public safety or convenience. The first resource of an indignant Englishman is to write to the *Times*; but if his grief is too deep and too substantial even for that comfort, he goes a step further, and we read in the police reports the next day the stereotyped phrase:—"A person of highly respectable appearance applied for advice to the worthy magistrate under the following circumstances."

Almost always, the worthy magistrate listens attentively, and advises with singular temper and judgment. We believe that a very small part of the applications so made ever reaches the public eye. We have been informed, on unquestionable authority, that some of those who sit in Fielding's seat at the present day are consulted, in this semi-official capacity, on questions of the most singular and sometimes of the most private nature. If they chose to imitate the example of their great predecessor, they could describe more of the domestic life, and especially of the domestic troubles, of their fellow-citizens, than even the clergyman or the physician. Occasionally, some illustrations of this *quasi* magisterial function are made public. Not long since, a curious case was half described in the police reports, in which an accusation brought against a gentleman of having libelled a lady, terminated in an explanation and apology. We believe that the arrangement of matters of this kind at an earlier stage, and in a still more private manner, is far from uncommon.

The commonest form of application for advice is that which consists in putting the public upon their guard against frauds which it would be difficult or impracticable to reach by direct legal punishment. Thus, a few days ago, the chief clerk of the Mendicity Society exposed before Mr. Norton the career of a gentleman who was said to have raised upwards of 200*l.* on behalf of "a blind seamstress," whose existence was purely subjective, and had been evolved entirely from the depths of his own consciousness. It is a curious proof of the superficial character of much of the education even of people who are well off in the world, that this ingenious philosopher is stated to have owed his success mainly to a paper which, though it certainly showed an acquaintance with the names of half the aristocracy, was almost entirely free from either logical or grammatical sequence. The objection to applications of this kind is, that they are made *ex parte*, and therefore at times create a prejudice against innocent persons. Mr. Somerville, the author of the *Autobiography of a Working Man*, complains in the bitterest manner of the injury which he sustained from applications which were made, he says, behind his back; and it is obvious that the practice is one which requires the greatest tact and caution. A case in which, in our opinion, the magistrate failed in the exercise of this discretion, occurred a day or two ago at the Guildhall. An applicant states that a certain charitable Society was in fact not a charitable Society at all, but a mere job, for the benefit of the officers who conducted, or professed to conduct, its business. Hereupon the

persons attacked appeared in court to deny the imputation, and a long discussion ensued between the accused and accusers, which started from no premises and arrived at no conclusions, except that one gentleman expressed his intention of bringing an action against another, and that, as the presiding alderman mildly remarked, "a good deal of the time of the Court was wasted."

Some of the applications throw the most singular light on the strange power of tormenting their neighbours which the various appliances of civilized life give to ill-disposed people. There is a sort of grotesqueness in some of these which invests them with an independent interest. Some time back, Mr. Selfe, the magistrate of the Thames Police Court, received a great number of charitable contributions on behalf of a poor woman whose case, decided before him, showed the most terrible distress. He acknowledged the receipt of the various sums in the usual manner, and announced at the same time his intention of applying them in the manner suggested by the donors. Shortly afterwards he received a most brutal and violent epistle, charging him with misappropriating the money, and threatening to make a representation of the fact to the Secretary of State. This letter was signed "Felix Clewett." Mr. Selfe replied by a singularly kind and gentle remonstrance, pointing out to his correspondent the absurdity of the charge, and reproving him in the quietest way for the violence of his language. Next day a very respectable tradesman came into court, in a state of the greatest surprise and distress, to say that he was Mr. Felix Clewett—that he never wrote to Mr. Selfe in his life—and that the letter signed with his name was the forgery of some scoundrel who had been trying to ruin him by writing letters calculated to destroy his credit as a tradesman, and who now wished to fix him with the disgrace of doing a most improper and unhandsome action. There is a strange mixture of ingenuity and folly about this which strikes us as being a very curious combination. But for the certainty that the matter would come to Mr. Clewett's knowledge, and that he would disavow the forgery, the scheme was singularly well laid; yet it seems strange that a man should take so much trouble, and commit such a dirty action, simply in order that, if he happened to be successful, his enemy might pass for a rough, ill-conditioned person.

A still more grotesque case lately occurred at the Marylebone Court. A foreign gentleman of fortune, named Franklinski, came to know what he was to do. "All comfort and privacy were at an end" for him. Day by day, and many times a day, the postman left at his door letters innumerable for himself and his wife from ladies and gentlemen anxious to be married, who had read in the newspapers an advertisement setting forth that, in consideration of a certain number of postage-stamps, "Professor and Madame Franklinski" would communicate to their correspondents a "proposal, simple but captivating and enthralling," which would enable them to marry whom they pleased. An address was given in the advertisement, where the letters were taken in—and the postage stamps, we suppose, taken out—and thence they were forwarded to Mr. Franklinski. It is strange that fools enough should be found in the world to write a sufficient quantity of letters to be a serious nuisance to the person to whom they were addressed, paying half-a-crown each for his opinion and advice upon their matrimonial schemes; and it is not a little curious that the only efficient remedy within the reach of their victim should be the circuitous process of asking for a magistrate's advice on the subject, not in order to obtain any real assistance, but simply for the sake of the publicity which the newspapers would give to the fact of his having made the application.

Every now and then, the strangest illustrations of national characteristics are afforded by these applications. Would any human being but an Englishman have come into a police court—as an old gentleman not long ago actually did—to announce his intention of devoting the whole of his abundant leisure to putting down perambulators? He had brought up six children himself in days gone by, and they had always been kept in the parlour, or exercised in the back garden. Why should not the customs of 1826 be good enough for 1856? How could an old man better occupy the calm of declining years than in vindicating the natural right of a Briton to walk the public streets in peace? Hardly less national was the patriotic gentleman whose indignation was so roused by the correspondence in the papers about garrotte robberies, that, being overtaken with liquor, nothing would serve him but going before the Lord Mayor to complain of a perfectly imaginary assault, in which he had lost some 25*l.* and odd silver, and to ask whether he might not carry a revolver to shoot his next assailant. One would like to have seen the face with which he awoke from his dreams next day, to sign a recantation of his charge against the garotters, and to ascribe his having made it to the true cause.

We have only mentioned a few samples of the immense variety of curious and interesting functions of various kinds which a police magistrate is incidentally called upon to perform. They prove, in the most striking manner, the confidence which the public at large feel in the body taken as a whole; and they furnish a strong argument in favour of enforcing upon all who exercise analogous functions in country districts, the acquisition of some tincture of the legal tact and experience which conciliate to such a singular extent the confidence of the inhabitants of the capital.

REVIEWS.

CALDERON.*

WE welcome with pleasure any attempt to revive amongst us a taste for the languages and the literature of Southern Europe—for that literature and for those idioms which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, refined the taste and enriched the imagination of our greatest writers. Without denying our more recent obligations to the learning, philosophy, and *belles-lettres* of Germany, we believe that their merely literary influence has not been altogether salutary. Certainly it has not improved our *language*, for, of all its various importations, Teutonic phrases, compounds, and collocations are the least felicitous; and probably it has been of little advantage to our literature, for since the fashion prevailed of turning to Weimar and Berlin as to a new East, both our poetry and prose have been less clear, sinewy, and idiomatic. We may justly value German literature for its many admirable excellences, but, in proportion as we adopt it as a model, we shall depart from those great exemplars who, in their day, rendered English eloquence second only, if indeed second at all, to that of Athens in her zenith. Wedded to German, our language is either unproductive, or its offspring is harsh in feature and ungraceful in form—wedded to Spanish and Italian, it produced the majestic and harmonious idiom which, as the garb or vehicle of passion or reflection, responded to every demand of our greatest poets and divines.

Three independent translations of select dramas of Calderon, appearing almost contemporaneously, would seem to indicate at least a latent interest in Spanish literature, and may have the further effect of again directing general attention to it. Of the three versions before us, Mr. Fitzgerald's, by the freedom, and raciness of the style, and by the skilful adoption of the tone and manner of our elder and best dramatic poets, will perhaps excite, in readers unacquainted with the original, the highest admiration of Calderon. The Dean of Westminster's, on the other hand, will be the most welcome to those who are already in some degree acquainted with the great Spanish play-wright; while his successful reproduction in English of the original measures affords, doubtless, the better representation of his author. Indeed, to any one desirous of attaining just notions of Calderon, both absolutely and in his relations to his own and the English drama, the Dean's versions and analysis of the Spanish plays will be of the highest value. Mr. MacCarthy's version is less faithful and finished than either Mr. Fitzgerald's or Mr. Trench's; yet it may be read with pleasure as a paraphrase, although it hardly fulfils the severe conditions of a translation.

Were the suffrages for and against Calderon to be collected and compared, it might be difficult to say which of the two preponderated. Simondi, and the French critics in general, regard him much in the same light that Voltaire regarded Shakspeare—as a wild, anomalous barbarian, with something of the god, and more of the savage. They sympathize imperfectly with his romantic sentiment—they esteem his profoundly religious feeling as superstition—and his bold, intricate, and ingenious plots appear to them, as contrasted with the regular parterres of Corneille and Racine, a garden run to seed, and possessed by things gross and rank in nature. In their hostility to the French drama, the German critics have rushed to the opposite extreme, and have discovered in Calderon virtues he does not possess, or have applauded him for gross, open, and palpable faults. Again, he has found enemies in his own nation; and Spanish writers of the seventeenth century—attacking, indeed, rather his comedies of intrigue (*decapó y espadá*) than his heroic or religious plays—have accused him of maligning and misrepresenting the entire Spanish nation, because all his heroes are duellists and all his heroines *intrigantes*. From this controversy English critics have hitherto stood aloof; and even the best qualified among them, such as Lockhart and Southey, have been remarkable for the coldness with which they recognise Calderon's pretensions to the name of a great poet. They have not reviled, they have not extolled him—they have been merely civil. If the poet in his life-time had met with no more ardent admirers than he has found in Britain, he would have made neither the players' fortunes nor his own. But seldom has a poet in his life-time been so universally popular or fortunate as was Calderon de la Barca. From the water-carrier in the streets of Madrid to the King on his throne, all men sounded his praises, all flocked to the representations of his plays. He was pensioned and patronised by Philip IV., who, whatever may have been his faults as a King, was both a bountiful and enlightened rewarder of literary merit, and—himself, it is said, a dramatic poet—deemed Calderon among the chiefest ornaments of his realm. To Philip the poet was mainly indebted for that leisure which enabled him to devote his life to his art. Nor was he the court poet only. Like Rubens, he was consulted on every occasion of state and ceremony. He it was who generally arranged

* *Life's a Dream: the Great Theatre of the World.* From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D., Deau of Westminster. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

Five Dramas of Calderon. Freely translated by Edward Fitzgerald. London: Pickering. 1853.

Dramas of Calderon, Tragic, Comic, and Legendary. Translated from the Spanish, principally in the metre of the original, by Denis Florence MacCarthy, Esq. London: Dolman. 1853.

all public festivities when the Court was assembled at Madrid or Valladolid, as well as the private recreations of the monarch in his delicious retreat at Aranjuez. Whatever went wrong in Spain herself, or her dependencies, the King and his favourites dwelt in a land of Cockayne. The treasury was empty, provinces were in revolt, the wealth of the Indies was always forestalled before the galleons came in sight of Cadiz; but money was nevertheless always forthcoming for the decorations of a new comedy, or the pomp of a new spectacle. Nor can Calderon, though he basked in the sunshine of royal favour, be accused of subjecting his ideas of art to royal taste. His dramas are intensely national in their spirit, and were as warmly applauded by the pit as by the occupiers of the royal box.

The Dean of Westminster's interesting Memoir of Calderon throws much light, not merely on the character of the poet himself, but also on the general condition and appreciation of literary men at that epoch in Spain. Contrasted with the early terror of its name, and the extent of its empire, the present state of that kingdom is the most signal example in Europe, since the decay of Rome, of the instability of empires when their strength is not supported or recruited by national freedom. But even the political depression of Spain is not more signal than its intellectual torpor and decay. A few journals, a few archaeological publications, an historian now and then, a poet most rarely of all, alone disturb the repose of its printers. The contents of its once magnificent collegiate and conventual libraries either moulder from disuse at home, or are scattered over the private or public collections of Europe and America. Its records and archives are only consulted by strangers—its universities no longer send forth even professors of casuistry to astound by their subtlety and erudition the "gowned doctors" of Paris and Oxford. Heavy lies the blight of Bourbon rule upon that ill-fated land. Yet that land, even under the disastrous reign of Philip IV., was in some respects the most actively intellectual region in Christendom. Seeing Spain as she now is, it seems almost incredible, and yet it is the fact, that there are at least three thousand eight hundred and fifty dramas extant in print, composed by native writers, the greater portion of whom belong to the age of Calderon. But this is very far from being the sum of the plays actually written and acted. The number of pieces remaining in manuscript is probably much greater, since, even of the dramatic compositions of the idolized Lope de Vega, not many more than three hundred have been printed, although it is estimated that he wrote more than two thousand. Nor were play-wrights alone active. Historians, poets, novelists, casuists, mystics, canonists, and lawyers kept the press in constant work; and though oblivion speedily overtook the greater portion of them, the amount of readers must have been incalculable, since it must at least have exceeded the host of writers.

It is curious, and not altogether gratifying to our national complacency, to contrast the different fortunes of the two greatest dramatic poets, so nearly contemporary, of England and Spain. That, towards the close of his days, Shakespeare retired to his native town, with a competent livelihood and an honoured name, it is satisfactory to know; but, little as is recorded of his earlier career, it is probable, if not certain, that he long struggled with difficulties and worked in obscurity, doing task-work as a writer, and suffering discouragement as an actor. His career ran long parallel with Lord Bacon's, but no mention of the poet's writings is to be found in those of the philosopher. The "two great imps of fame" and heirs of immortality were close to each other, yet were mutually unknown. That Queen Elizabeth looked with an eye of favour upon several of Shakespeare's plays is recorded by probable and consistent tradition; but no record or rumour exists of her having delighted to honour him, either by special word or deed. He was not, like Spenser, among her pensionaries; nor, like Harrington, was he summoned to the royal closet, to read to her his compositions as they came "warm from the brain." The highest favour he seems to have received at her hands was the protection of his theatre against petitioners, who either supplicated her to countenance the bear-garden rather than the theatre, or to put it down altogether, as a profane and unlawful place of amusement. He did not stand among her counsellors or among her soldiers—he was, at most, esteemed among the ablest of her masquers and revellers. It was a Stuart king who first recognised the plays of Shakespeare as meet to lie in the closet of a monarch—the recreation of his leisure and the solace of his sorrows. In Elizabeth's court Shakespeare was of less name and account than Gyas, the Great Chamberlain, or Cloanthus, the Grand Falconer.

The career of Calderon, on the other hand, was one of uniform and almost unexampled prosperity. The proverbial instability of "princes' favourites" was not applicable to him. We can hardly imagine him to have been exempt from malice and envy, since he was favoured, fortunate, and deserving; but their shafts fell short of, or only slightly grazed, the buckler which protected him through a life extended beyond the ordinary span. His birth, education, and social position were, each in their degree, conducive to his early success and stable reputation as a poet. After he had become great—*post fortunam*—heralds discovered for him a royal genealogy; but he was merely of a respectable house on the father's side, though his mother was of a noble family which had migrated, long before his birth, from the Netherlands to Spain. One or two trivial circumstances of his early youth acquire interest from the lustre of his subsequent career. His ancestors, as well as those of his great precursor, Lope de Vega,

possessed a fief in the same little picturesque valley of Carvedo; and at the time Calderon was imbibing the rudiments of knowledge from the Jesuits south of the Pyrenees, Corneille was being educated by another branch of that fraternity on the northern side of those mountains. The Spanish poet was trained at Salamanca in the severe discipline of the scholastic theology and philosophy then in fashion; and his more serious dramas, especially his *Autos*, bear the impress of the schoolmen and canonists. But even before he quitted the University in 1619, Calderon was already known as a writer for the theatre, and was thus recommended at once to the society of the wits and worthies most likely or able to promote his advancement. He attracted the notice of Lope de Vega, and is honourably mentioned in that poet's *Laurel of Apollo*.

The literary man of the seventeenth century, both in England and in Europe generally, was often as much a man of the world as a man of letters; and the combination of the scholar and the soldier with the courtier was quite as favourable to the nurture of genius as the modern fashion of dwelling apart from the world. Ten years elapsed in Calderon's life between his coming to Madrid and the public mention of him by Lope, and this interval seems to have been mostly employed in the service of his country abroad. In 1625, he was in the Milanese; and both rumour and the internal evidence of some of his plays warrant the belief that he served in the Low Countries also. Meanwhile, his pen was not idle, since, in 1632, he was the acknowledged author of many popular dramas; and he had gained many public prizes, written much lyrical verse, and commenced a poem on the subject of the general Deluge.

Lope de Vega died in 1635, and the decease of the presiding spirit of the national drama was no unimportant event in the reign of such a drama-loving monarch as Philip IV. In the following year, both royal discernment and popular applause raised Calderon to the vacant throne, and he was formally attached to the Court as purveyor of dramas for the royal theatres. Nor was his purveyorship without due honours, since, in 1637, he was made a Knight of the Order of Santiago. In more northern latitudes, the distinctions conferred on genius are less imposing; and it is thought sufficient to make them gaugers of wine and spirits, or distributors of stamps, or at best to invest them with a ridiculous title, and to give them a salary something under the ordinary wages of a chief butler.

Calderon was fortunate, not only in the commendations he obtained from Lope, but also in the condition to which the Spanish theatre had been elevated by Lope's success. When the latter first appeared at Madrid as a dramatic writer, the only theatres were two unsheltered court-yards—the only performers such strollers as occasionally found it their interest to visit the capital. Before Lope died, Madrid possessed several theatres of great magnificence, and regular and numerous companies of performers. Nor was the pomp and circumstance of scenic decoration wanting. Indeed, the Spanish managers of the seventeenth century came little short of the English managers of the nineteenth in their lavish expenditure upon the accessories of the drama. The plays of Calderon imply, in the very prodigality and skill of their dramatic situations, the necessity for the machinist and the presence of the *costumier*. In a single scene of the *Painter of his own Dishonour* were represented the vista of a distant fête, a house in flames, and a ship in full sail on the open sea. The three acts of his piece entitled the *Three Greatest Wonders* were represented, in the open air, on three separate stages, by as many different companies of performers. *Love the greatest Enchantment* was performed on a floating theatre erected on the artificial waters in the gardens of the Buen Retiro. The purses of noble patrons and of a royal master were, indeed, opened on such occasions; yet, had not Lope set the fashion, the dramatic invention of his successor must have been seriously impeded, if not altogether nipped in the bud, for lack of its proper exponents and auxiliaries.

Court-poet and Knight of Santiago as he was, Calderon longed for the more real employment than that of stage-poet and master of the ceremonies. In 1640, Catalonia broke out into revolt, and the members of the four great military orders of the kingdom were summoned to the aid of the Crown. Philip, however, was much disconcerted to see among the Knights of St. James the very Coryphæus of his favourite amusement; and, in order to keep him out of harm's way, he set him to compose another drama. *Contest of Love and Jealousy* was written in great haste, and bears the marks of it. Calderon, however, having fulfilled his task, took part in the campaign, and—for a few months of it at least—kept Philip in fear lest an unlucky bullet or a well-directed lance should deprive his Court of one of its brightest ornaments.

It was not uncommon in those days for men of letters to "put on the weeds of Dominic" long before they died. Lope de Vega had entered a religious brotherhood, and in 1651 Calderon followed his example. But the King was resolved that neither arms nor the gown should exempt Calderon from the more important duty of writing plays. And the King was in the right; for Sparta may have had many sons as good as Calderon both in the camp and the cloister, but none like him as concerned the Theatre Royal. Even in those days, pluralities and sinecures were not unknown, and Philip heaped church preferments on his favourite, insisting only on his residence at Madrid, and on his furnishing, not sermons for the Chapel Royal, but dramas for

the King's theatre. And, *regis ad exemplar*, the clergy were little less exacting than the Sovereign; for the cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, and Granada plied Calderon with petitions for religious plays, to be performed on the great festival of Corpus Christi. Wealth and honours flowed steadily and amply upon him so long as Philip survived. With the next reign, however, there seems to have been—for the first time in more than threescore years—an ebb in the tide of Calderon's prosperity. If Charles II. was not altogether a Pharaoh who ignored Joseph, he was less devoted than his predecessor to "masques and revels." Indeed, the condition in which he found the exchequer afforded him very sufficient reasons for curtailing all superfluous expenses. That Calderon, however, "died without a Mæcenæ," as De Solis, the historian, would have us believe, is an assertion which must be taken with many qualifications. A slight shadow only accompanied his sunset—his long day of eighty-one years having been one of unsurpassed serenity.

To any one desirous of entering on the study of Calderon's dramas, Mr. Trench's biography of the poet, analysis of his plays, and translations from two of the most poetic of them, will be invaluable; while Mr. Fitzgerald's spirited and graceful version of some of the less known pieces will be equally acceptable. The genuine admirers of the great Spanish play-wright will probably, like their author himself, regard his *Autos* as the portions of his writings which most fully develop and illustrate his genius. But that Calderon's dramas generally will ever be really popular among the countrymen of Shakspeare, it is hardly reasonable to expect. The earnest and absorbing Catholicism of the Spanish mind is alien to our Protestant sympathies and associations. The inextricable maze of intrigue in his comedies *de Capa y Espada*, can be followed only by Spaniards with pleasure, while the conversational forms under which he represents heroes, lovers, and valets savour more of the narrow *repertoire* of the comedy of Menander and Terence than of the living humanity of Shakspearian comedy, or even of its feeble reflection in the best productions of Fletcher. We are sensible, in reading Calderon, of the august presence of genius; but it is a genius divided from the English mind by more than "long mountains and sounding seas."

L'AVOCAT DES PAUVRES.*

IN France, the growth of five-act plays is as abundant as that of three-volume novels here. It is not that dramatic talent in the one country, or narrative talent in the other, is at all too copiously diffused; but, generally speaking, the Frenchman loves to go abroad, and the Englishman to sit by his fireside, and both require something to amuse and gently excite their minds. The regular demand for literature of a particular kind is as certain in these days of commercial activity to call forth the supply as a short crop of corn in Western Europe is to cause importations from Odessa. The article, whether French or English, is adapted to the customer for whom it has been manufactured. The play is just good enough to be seen, and the story is just good enough to be read by those whose evenings must, in some way or other, be filled up. French plays are generally praised for their neat construction, and certainly such incessant building ought to produce skilful joiners; and we think that, for the same reason, a good deal of constructive skill may fairly be ascribed to the authors of the current English novels.

It is common to admit and deplore the poverty of our own dramatic literature at the present day. The void is indeed obvious and undeniable; but, in comparing our own indigence with our neighbours' wealth, it is perhaps not sufficiently observed that the French public is pleased often because it is pleased easily. A Frenchman is at home in his theatre, and is content there with the humble incidents, the tepid excitement, and the small pleasantness of a home circle. But the Englishman who takes the trouble to visit a play-house, perhaps at the cost of changing his dinner-hour or disturbing the digestive process, demands of the hapless author and actors that they shall adequately recompense him for the effort he has made to come there. He will tolerate stupidity in his wife, or in his daily paper, or in *Punch*, and he rather believes it to be the correct thing in sermons. All these are part of his ordinary life, and may rightly, he thinks, partake of its sombre colour; but a visit to the theatre is an unusual and painful effort, and he does expect some extraordinary gratification when he goes there.

Of course we do not deny that good plays are produced in France, just as good novels are sometimes published here. But a great number of experiments are necessary to a single genuine success; and for these experiments, in England, there is not, and for a long time there has not been, any sufficient field. Take almost any of the plays that, during the past year, have been repeatedly acted with applause, or, at least, with toleration, on the Parisian stage. Would they do, or could they have been made to do, as well in London? The day when the emphatic enunciation of indisputable moral truths would suffice to ensure a stage success has long gone by in England; and, indeed, the class of pieces which owed their popularity to clap-trap of this sort will soon become an antiquarian study. But in France plays constantly appear of which the sole merit seems to be the

verbal honour they pay to virtues which are nothing unless reduced to practice. The heroes and heroines of these dramas are exactly the reverse of Aristides—they do not desire to be good, but to seem to be so.

We cannot better illustrate our meaning than by reference to a piece, called *L'Avocat des Pauvres*, which has lately gained considerable applause. The scene of this play is laid in England, and the characters are all English, but as profuse in tears, sentiment, and platitudes as the ideal Frenchmen of dramas of the same family. The hero of the play, George Trevor, is an *avocat*, or, to use a more familiar term, a barrister, who loves retirement and obscurity. It would be a happy thing, perhaps, if this taste were common among English barristers, so that they might joyfully embrace that to which they are often most unwillingly condemned. This personage, be it observed, differs from other characters of the French stage in this, that he professes to like retirement, and he lives retired. The eloquent eulogist of all the virtues can rarely be supposed to practise them, and indeed would be despised by his audience if he did. Trevor has his abode in a retired corner of the city—somewhere in the Temple probably—and his only clients are the poor. Why should his humble friends desire to involve him in the troubles and tumult of the outer world? For three years he has given them ungrudgingly all he has—his time, his zeal, his studies, his eloquence. Let them leave him in peace to that which he loves best, his solitude and—what? The sneering Thackeray would add—to his short clay pipe. But the French dramatist, who knows human, and especially English, nature better, solaces that obscurity with the presence of an aged mother. This old lady usually takes part in consultations, and must be, like Miss Sally Brass, fully competent to advise in simple cases. Her residence at her son's chambers facilitates the introduction there, in the capacity of servant, of a Gaelic lass, who worships Trevor at a humble distance. Mistress and maid are discovered arranging rare and magnificent flowers in Trevor's room, and the former is reproached by him for an expense, by which he fears that "his independence and his dignity," his last possessions, may be endangered. But the anxiety of Trevor is unnecessary. The dealers of the Haymarket have sent the flowers to him, in acknowledgment of his services in obtaining a remission of certain duties. The melancholy barrister, we speedily discover, is in love. For three years he has meditated upon the charms of a young Scotch lady named Lilius. He possesses some bunches of ribbon, once her property, and occasionally indulges in a flight of eloquence as he contemplates them. Why he did not find means to address the lady herself instead of discoursing to her cast-off breast-knot, we cannot tell. It seems to us that he is merely a self-tormentor. The personal risk of revisiting Scotland to see Miss Lilius cannot be supposed worth the notice of a mind so elevated. A man who manufactures miseries for himself, and then talks with a doleful visage of his *souffrances*, may possibly be interesting on the French stage, but we are sure would be intolerable on our own.

However, the sentimental advocate does at last enjoy the luxury of a real and serious affliction. Miss Lilius is now an orphan, and the ward of Sir Jaffray d'Aberdeen, who designs to marry her himself. This scheme is frustrated by Trevor's interference and appeal to Cromwell to protect the lady. We smile to see the stern Protector, bowing with the ceremonious grace of a royal Court, and inviting Lilius to seek at Whitehall the society of "Milady Protectrice et ses filles." Nor are we less amused at the soft emotions of Obadiah, a follower of Cromwell, whom the author is careful to describe as sergeant in the regiment of Ironsides. A client of Trevor, Gilbert Talbot, is prosecuted for embezzling jewels, and acquitted. He leaves England, and then, by the contrivance of Sir Jaffray, Trevor is charged with the offence, and can only clear himself by establishing the guilt of Talbot. We are permitted to approach amid the crowd of humble clients, and to look through a glass door at Trevor, sitting in state, and, as it were, feasting in public on calamity. He has his head between his hands. His mother is near him. She will not quit him for an instant. He has written to Cromwell, demanding to be tried in his presence at Whitehall, by the "lord chef de justice," according to his right as advocate. The trial, we think, is rather an undignified proceeding. Cromwell and Miss Lilius are discovered in a drawing-room. That the Protector is polite and attentive to the young lady we need not say, for is not the play written by a Frenchman? The "lord chef de justice" enters in an accidental sort of way, as if he had dropped in to tea. Meanwhile Trevor is at his chambers with his mother, to whom he begins to read the Bible. We are very sorry to add that the good lady speedily falls asleep, as does sometimes happen when improving books are read; and thus the weakness of her flesh overmasters the locquacity of her tongue; and when Trevor is summoned to attend Cromwell we are spared a parting scene. The idea of leaving the open Bible so placed that the mother's awakening eyes may rest upon it, is eminently French. People who cannot endure to see the efficacy of religious consolation expressed by a lively pantomime, may possibly object to this. Such persons may be right in taste and feeling, but it cannot be denied that the task of writing plays to please them, is far from easy.

But let us follow Trevor to Whitehall. The vindictive Sir Jaffray is there to press the charge against him, and as his nice sense of honour forbids his saying a single word to shift the charge upon his late client Talbot, it appears that he must

* *L'Avocat des Pauvres*. Drame en cinq actes, en prose. Par Paul Meurice, représenté pour la première fois à Paris, sur le Théâtre de la Gaîté, le 15 Octobre, 1856.

be found guilty, and imprisonment and of course disgrace will follow. It is to be observed that "mildred chief de justice" has not the advantage of being assisted by an enlightened jury, probably because the author thought that common-jurymen would behave themselves but awkwardly in the *salon* of "mildred chief de justice." To escape condemnation for an ignominious crime, Trevor declares that he was sentenced three years ago to death, and claims to undergo the penalty. It appears that a royalist partisan, Lord Windfall, was tried at Edinburgh for high treason. A young advocate, arrived the night before from Oxford and unknown to the Scotch tribunal, stood forward out of the crowd and claimed the dangerous honour of defending him. By some process, which we fear no Scotch lawyer could be made to understand, the trial is postponed, and the advocate becomes bail for his client, who escapes and falls fighting at Dunbar. Trevor, who was the advocate, escapes also, and has been living since that time in quiet obscurity in London. But, in his absence, he was condemned to death by the Scotch judges, and he now claims of Cromwell that he may die. "The soldier has expiated his contumacy by the sword, and the advocate would expiate his contumacy by the axe. I demand the scaffold in place of a dishonourable gaol." The answer of Cromwell to "this sublime request" deserves translation:—

"I, the leader of this people, would not withhold from them an example so ennobling; for, to make Britain a nation, we must take care that the Briton be a man. Yes, to the scaffold shall you go; but you shall go thither in triumph. All London shall be the witness of that glorious sacrifice. I myself, standing uncovered as you pass, will salute, before the city and the army, the hero of peace, the martyr of honour. Till then, farewell."

We need not add that the manhood of England is not destined to be edified by this illustrious example of perversity. Indeed, although the curtain rises on the "maison de justice," at Charing-cross, and the great clock strikes, we feel certain that no head will fall. Cromwell appears in front of the "great stone Hotel Northumberland." The iron gate of the "maison de justice" opens—Trevor, bareheaded, pale and tranquil, descends the staircase. All bow their heads. Some throw themselves on their knees. Women wave their handkerchiefs and scatter flowers; and one Widow Dickson, who seems brought into the play for this express purpose, leads up her children to kiss Trevor's hand:—

"Englishmen," cries Cromwell, "behold that man! By the fight of the real culprit he incurred a minor but ignominious penalty. He has preferred to revive against himself an honourable but mortal charge. He shuns the prison to embrace the scaffold. Englishmen! he dies voluntarily to save his honour. Salute him, then, as I salute him."

But here the recalcitrant Talbot, who has been dragged from France by Trevor's friends, and placed by them in his sight, quails beneath his stern reproachful glance, and proclaims that he himself is guilty, and deserves to die. An ordinary dramatist would have handed over Talbot to the police, instead of thus exhibiting that power of the eye in which his hero is without a rival—unless, perhaps, the illustrious Simon Tappertit, who "eyed men over," may be compared with him. But then it turns out that not even Talbot is guilty of a crime which, in fact, has never been committed. Poetical justice is to be done upon Sir Jaffray. Trevor, we understand, is to marry Lilius, and Cromwell will be happy to see him at Whitehall. Thus ends a drama, of which we think it may be fairly said that those who like it are not very exacting critics. When such plays as this begin to please in England, we do not apprehend any dearth of capacity for writing them.

TRIKOUPES' HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.*

AS M. Trikoupes' history is one of the largest and most important works in the Modern Greek language, and as he himself, in his preface, enters at some length into questions bearing directly upon that language, some remarks on the subject may not be out of place. Some of our readers may perhaps know Mr. Clyde's dissertation on "Romance and Modern Greek." His object in that treatise is to explain the difference between the two—the one being a popular, the other a literary language. But there is a more important difference—the one is a natural, the other an artificial language. Romance answers to the Romance languages of the West. It stands in the same relation to ancient Greek in which they do to Latin, though the actual amount of diversity may not be quite so great. It is what Greek has become through the gradual operation of centuries. It is, in fact, another language. A Greek scholar cannot understand a klephtic ballad, or even some of the original documents quoted by M. Trikoupes. He is like a Latin scholar trying to make out Italian or Spanish without having learned them. He will recognise many words, and may sometimes make a fair guess at the meaning of whole sentences; but he has no security—he does not know the language. But the literary Modern Greek is perfectly intelligible to any Greek scholar, as soon as he has familiarized himself with a few new idioms and expressions. The real difference is in style and spirit, not in language. But this literary Modern Greek is simply an artificial language—the real tongue of the people has been deserted in an attempt to revive a tongue which cannot be revived in its perfection. Many people, we know, both Greek

and English, will think us very barbarous, but we cannot help holding that a nation ought to cultivate and improve its language as it finds it, and not deliberately to go back to that of another age. It is doubtless a pleasant thought to a Greek writer that he is composing in the pure tongue of Hellenic freemen, instead of in the barbarous jargon of Venetian or Turkish Rayahs; but that jargon was formed by as legitimate a process as any other modern language. Undoubtedly it saves Western readers a great deal of trouble to find that they can understand a Modern Greek book without having the trouble of learning a new language; but the process which enables them to do so seems to us as unnatural as if Dante had composed the *Divina Commedia* in Latin, or as if Chaucer had written his tales in pure Anglo-Saxon.

M. Trikoupes does not belong to the school of the ultra-Hellenizers, and he introduces many idioms and expressions which we believe extreme purists object to. Probably, from a Greek point of view, this is quite right. But, from the point of view of a Western scholar, it is extremely unpleasant. Our feeling is—he one thing or another. Romaic is another matter—it stands on its own ground. We no more think of calling it bad Greek than of calling French or Spanish bad Latin, or our own tongue bad Anglo-Saxon. But a language near enough to ancient Greek to be intelligible—when some half-dozen forms are explained—to any Greek scholar, we cannot help judging by an ancient Greek standard, and we are offended when it departs from it. We cannot be satisfied with any *tertium quid* between the genuine klephtic speech and Greek—we do not say of Attic—but of tolerable Byzantine purity. Each is good in its own way, but the intermediate production is neither beast nor bird. Consequently, when M. Trikoupes hellenizes as much as he does, we cannot help joining those who wish that he hellenized still more. Now, it is doubtless quite impossible to get rid of *δέν* and *θά* and *νά* and *αί*; but is not that a proof that it would have been better to rest contented with a language in which they were legitimate, and not have attempted to revive one in which they are barbarisms? The deed, however, is done, and probably the step cannot be retraced. Under existing circumstances, then, we join the Hellenizers. Probably we must sit down under *δέν* and *νά*, to which we are getting reconciled; but we do not think we can ever swallow the odious custom of adding an enclitic pronoun in such a sentence as this—"The father beat his son," *ὁ πατήρ ἐτύπε τὸν παῖδά του*, instead of simply *τὸν παῖδα*.

We must confess we are surprised at a passage in Mr. Trikoupes' preface, in which he rejoices that the modern language has got rid of foreign words, while he justifies the use of foreign idioms. Now, to us, a foreign idiom is far more offensive than a foreign word. Every language must borrow foreign words to express foreign ideas. That Greek should have imbibed a certain proportion of Latin, Slavonic, Albanian, Turkish, and Venetian words is simply the common course of things; but there is really no reason why whole sentences of modern Greek should read like a literal translation of so much French or English. Many of the foreign words are quite naturalized; *τοῦφεκι*, a *musket*—a Turkish word, we imagine—produces *τοῦφεκιζω*, *ἀντιτοῦφεκιζω*, *τοῦφεκια*, *τοῦφεκιζμός*, quite in the old style. Some, again, of the new compounds to express modern ideas are admirable—*ἀρμόλιος* for a *steamboat*, and *πυροκονοθήκη* for a *gunpowder magazine*, are worthy of Aristophanes. But we do not like the custom of expressing what we may call the technical terms of Western politics and civilization by Hellenic equivalents, employed in senses which would have sorely puzzled any Hellenic writer. Who can help smiling at *κυβήριος*, the *Government*; *αἱ μεγάλαι δυνάμεις*, the *great powers*; *ὑπουργίον*, the *Ministry*; *ἀποστρά οὐδετερότης*, *strict neutrality*; *μέλος*, a *member* (of Parliament); *ἄρθρον*, an *article* (in a Review)? Surely any Greek circumlocution, any barbarous importation, would be better. If they could be content with a less exact representation of the Occidental phrase, many of these things might be expressed in good Greek; and when they cannot, why not boldly use a foreign word for a foreign idea? Not merely can French and English freely interchange, but German itself does not scruple to corrupt its Teutonic homogeneity by most un-Teutonic words. If a German can say *Neutralität*, why should not a Greek say *νευτραλισμός*? It would surely be far less barbarous than such a thoroughly awkward, and equally unclassical, word as *οὐδετερότης*.

Our objection then is one in *limine*, and we fear it is now an unpractical one. The modern Greek language, right or wrong, is now formed, and it is beginning to produce its literature. And certainly no nation is entitled to despise a literature which can produce such a work as M. Trikoupes' history. As we said, we do not like the language—we wish he either hellenized more, or barbarized more; but granting the language, his style is excellent. It is everywhere clear, vigorous, and unaffected, both in matter and in manner. M. Trikoupes is quite entitled to take his place among the masters of contemporary history, either of his own or any other nation.

As a specimen of the work, we will make some extracts from what is, at once the most glorious event of the Revolution and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the historian's narrative—the second siege of Mesolongi. The siege had now lasted a year. The city had been first besieged by the Reshid Pasha of those days—a different person, we need hardly say, from the well-known statesman of

* *Ἱστορικὴν Τρικουπῆς Ἱστορίαν τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς Ἐπαναστάσεως. Τόμος α', β', γ'. Ἐκ Λονδίνου, 1856.* London: Williams and Norgate.

our own—better known as Kutahi or Kioutages. Reshid was, in point of cruelty and perfidy, one of the worst specimens of his race; but he was a bold, vigorous, and, according to the old Turkish type, a skilful general, and a very different foe from the blunderer Omar Vriones, by whom Mesolongi had been besieged on the former occasion. Every attempt, however, of the barbarians had failed—every storm had been repulsed—every sally of the Greeks had been successful—Reshid had actually retired from the walls. The siege was then renewed by Ibrahim Pasha, with his disciplined Egyptian troops, more orderly and obedient to their chiefs than the Turks and Albanians of Reshid, but wanting their personal courage—so that, according to our historian, they had sometimes, like the hosts of Xerxes, to be scourged on to the attack. Ibrahim failed no less than Reshid—so did Ibrahim and Reshid combined. As long as the communication by sea was open, the Greek ships brought in provisions, and the conquest of Mesolongi was hopeless. At last the Turks succeeded in effecting a complete maritime blockade, and hunger brought about what was beyond the combined strength of the Ottoman Empire. The little island of Kleisoba had just repulsed a furious attack; but the last hour of Mesolongi had now arrived. Surrender was not thought of for a moment—all who could, men, women, and children, were to cut their way through the lines of the besiegers:—

Those who were in the city in those days were more than 9000 souls . . . of these there were 2500 who bore arms, among whom were sick; the rest were workmen, women, children, old men, and invalids; but all together, armed and unarmed, having death before their eyes, discharged all the duties which religion required before their end, and burned whatever of their goods they could not carry away. Now came the 10th of April; the sick were very numerous: those among them who could not move were constrained to await death by the sword upon their beds, but those who had any strength at all removed to some of the stronger houses where there were military stores, to the end that they might fight to their last breath, and then burn themselves; and there remained with them many of their near kinsmen not enduring to be separated, and preferring to die fighting with them; and there were some of those who remained, who, encouraged by their constant victories over the enemy throughout the siege, hoped that the whole of that intrepid garrison sallying forth at once would scatter the besiegers, and would deliver the city from the dangers which hung over it.

As the sun was setting, a musket-shot was heard on the peak of Zygos, in the direction of St. Symeon. This musket-shot, which announced that the aid from without had come hither, put the garrison in motion for the sally; but it put also the enemy on their guard, learning also, as they did, at the same time what was purposed, through a foreign deserter. About the second hour of the night, the garrison and the people were gathered together at a given signal, as noiselessly as might be, where the bridges had been laid a little before; most of the women were dressed and armed as men; as many children as could bear arms were armed also; and the moon that night brightly lighted up the horizon.

The narrative then tells us how the Greeks of the neighbourhood failed to make the promised attack on the Turkish camp, and how the Turks, being prepared as above mentioned, met the sortie with a heavy cannonade:—

They lay prostrate while cannonaded, to avoid the fire which fell upon them; but when, after waiting a sufficient time, they perceived that what they had expected from without was not accomplished, and that they were cannonaded with deadly effect (*οἱ ἐντοβολαῖοιτο θανατηφόροι*), arising altogether, "Forwards," they cried, "forwards," and shouting and cheering one another, they advanced. . . . But they had advanced but a little way when suddenly a voice was heard, crying, "Back, back!" and at that voice the Mesolongites who were following, men, women, and children, and some who were not inhabitants, among whom also was George Tsabellas, turned back; but the rest advanced as before, and neither the double and triple entrenchments and fosses of the enemy, nor the ceaseless fire directed upon them, could resist their charge. The Turks were constrained to yield before their charge and their shouts.

Unluckily, however, when they had escaped this danger, instead of meeting with friends as they had expected, they first fell in with the Turkish cavalry, and then with a large body of Albanians. Nearly all the women and children were killed or captured, and of 2500 soldiers, only 1300 finally escaped to Salona:—

But more terrible and overwhelming were the sufferings of those who remained in the city and those who turned back; while the garrison and those who followed it, left the city, the enemy entered, and entering they met those who at the same moment returned at the cry, "Back, back," and they killed all the men, and captured the women and children. Only those under George Tsabellas got the start of them, and sallied forth again. . . . But that voice, so fatal to those who turned back, was not the voice of treacherous lips. Some of those who were advancing to the passage looked on the winding intrenchments and fosses of the enemy as impassable barriers to their advance, and as so many yawning graves; wherefore, preferring as more glorious a death upon the batteries of the wall, they cried "Back, back," and themselves turned back.

The enemy having entered the city, at first turned the fire of the wall upon the houses, and men were scattered about within the town to plunder, to slay, and to capture. Cannonading, shouting, wailing, blows of the sword, and the noise of explosions (*τυροβολαῖοι, κραυγαί, ἀλαλγμοί, μαχαροκτυπήματα καὶ ἐκτυροσκοπήσεις*) were heard through the whole night. The great powder-magazine under the bastion (*προτείχιον*) of Botsarces, being the first set fire to by the hands of Greeks, blew up the bastion, and overwhelmed many of the enemy; in like manner, too, were blown up by Greeks, the houses in which the sick were crowded together, and with the explosion both the Greeks who were in them, and the enemy who were entering them, were hurled into the air.

The historian gives many details of the storm, and of those who were killed. Take the following:—

One of those who were slain in the sally was Papadiamantopoulos. At the time when the city was in danger, he had crossed to Zakynthos to procure provisions; the danger soon came to a head, and his friends counselled him not to return; but he returned in the midst of his comrades, saying to those who warned him, "I will be saved or I will die with them." Worthy too of admiration was the demeanour at the sally and the death of Chrestos Kapsales, one of the magistrates of the city. This man, on the morning of that day, saw his consort (*σύμβιον*) who had long before been ill, expire; he embraced

her without a tear, and turning to his son who was present and weeping, "Weep not, my son," said he, "rather rejoice, because your mother is dead, and has not suffered the pains of Turkish captivity; hear, now, the last words of your father; sally forth with the rest this evening, try to save yourself, and think not of me. I am weak and stricken in years, I have no hope of being saved if I sally forth with you, and I prefer to die within the city rather than to be taken captive in the passage." This he said, embraced him, and bade him farewell. And the son departed from his father weeping, and sallying forth was saved; but the father leaning upon his staff passed through the streets, calling on the sick and aged to follow him; many hearkened, and entering with him into the cartouche manufactory, shut themselves up, and singing, some of them requiems, (*ἱερόδονα*) some patriotic hymns, they offered themselves as whole-burnt-offerings (*θλοκαυτώματα*) on the entrance of the enemy.

But the city of Mesolongi which in its life (*ζωή*) was the glory of Greece, was doomed to raise her up by its fall; because, by showing plainly to all that Greeks and Turks could not be reconciled and dwell together, it hastened, by the salutary interference of the three powers, the happy event of the insurrection.

After a vigorous and eloquent summing up of the whole history of the siege, M. Trikoupes thus concludes this splendid narrative:—

The unshaken endurance in danger of these men through the whole twelve-months' siege, their irresistible force in sallies, their unconquerable courage in battles, their determination to die rather than surrender, astonished and terrified even their enemies, who confessed that their armies would have melted miserably away had the siege endured yet three weeks longer. Such were these men, whose exploits, the most glorious of all exploits through the whole Greek war, and behind none of those which are most renowned either in ancient or modern sieges, were worthily honoured by the song of poets, the eloquence of orators, and the praises of the nations.

We have found the above extracts difficult to render into English, because, without departing farther from the turn of the original than seemed justifiable, it is impossible to avoid a certain confusion of modern and of antique phraseology. But we trust that such specimens may be enough to induce Greek scholars to study the book for themselves. To the English reader we hardly know what to say; for a translation of M. Trikoupes' history, to suit the English public, would require very great abridgement, and would probably, in any case, be a doubtful speculation. But a history written in Greek, which any scholar can soon understand, is no sealed book to educated Englishmen; and we may add that we do not see why, in the present state of things, the direct study of modern Greek should not be considered as an accomplishment equally useful and elegant with the study of other modern languages.

THE SPHINX.*

THE name of Schticking is not likely to be a familiar one to English readers, but amongst novelists belonging to the modern school he is well known to his own countrymen as one of their most pleasing writers. Thoroughly German in thought and feeling, he seeks the materials of his stories in the domestic life of the province of which he is a native, and which he describes with the clearness and aptitude of one who has a thorough insight into, and appreciation of, his subject. His style is graceful and easy, his characters are well individualised, and in the management of his plots he shows no small degree of tact and power in keeping up the interest he has once excited. Moreover, he is so fully in earnest, that although to English minds there is some unlikelihood in the incidents which he introduces into some of his novels, we forget their *inraisemblance* in the atmosphere of good faith in which the author envelopes them. Another merit which we must not omit to point out is the freedom from sentimentality and the absence of a lurking desire to trench upon forbidden subjects. Thus, in the story before us, while there is plenty of romance, there is nothing whatever calculated to sap the foundations of morality, or to lead young minds and hearts astray.

At the commencement of the story, we are introduced to Gustav Wald, a charmingly drawn character, who divides with his brother Engelbert the interest due to the principal personages of the tale. Gustav, at the time of which we are speaking, is about thirty-five years of age, strikingly intellectual in countenance, handsome in features, and endowed with abilities of no mean order. He is ardent and impulsive in character, possessing the simplicity and single-heartedness of a child, and blessed with a most sweet and affectionate disposition. His father had been a noble with small possessions, who died while Gustav was yet young, leaving him no other legacy than the charge of his brother Engelbert. In order to provide for the education of the boy, who was ten years younger than himself, Gustav sacrificed his own prospects in life, and became a simple parish priest, while he obtained for Engelbert an appointment as Secretary of Legation to the Ambassador of—. Engelbert resembles his brother in possessing a most sunny disposition and impulsive nature; but there is a certain degree of haughtiness and indifference about his character from which Gustav is entirely free. At the time the story opens, Gustav is awaiting, in his modest little parsonage, on the banks of the Rhine, a visit from Engelbert. Hour after hour passes, and still the expected visitor does not arrive; but at last he makes his appearance, accompanied, to Gustav's astonishment and perplexity, by a lovely young girl. It appears that on his way from the place where he had left the steamer he had encountered this young lady leaning against the wall of a ruined chapel, and thinking from her attitude and the expressions of pain in her face that she had met with an accident, he had

* *Die Sphinx*. Roman von Levin Schücking. Leipzig. 1856.

accosted her, and found that she had sprained her ankle in climbing the hill. She had requested him to send her some assistance from the village to which he had told her he was bound, and asked if he could recommend her to an inn where she could pass the night. To her dismay he had answered that there was no accommodation to be had in the village, and he had therefore begged her to accompany him to his brother's house, where he could assure her of a kindly welcome. After some hesitation she had at last consented, and proceeded with him to the parsonage. Gustav's kind heart was filled with compassion when he heard this, and saw the state the young lady was in. But Hannah, his housekeeper, cast very suspicious glances at her, and when she found from the village nurse whom they called in to examine the injured ankle, that it would be at least a week ere the lady could be removed, she could hold her peace no longer, and in so many words let her master know that she thought him a fool for believing Engelbert's story. So unlikely, she said, that they should have met in the way that he had pretended. Young ladies did not roam about the country alone after such a fashion—it was very evident what she was, and it was a shame that M. Engelbert should have played his brother so false and brought such scandal upon the parsonage. Gustav was much disturbed by Hannah's words; and, though he would not believe his brother had been doing wrong, determined to question him further upon the matter the following morning. On doing so, he was quite reassured by Engelbert's manner and his asseverations that, until the preceding day, he had never met the lady before. So far so good; but for the honour of the parsonage, and to still all idle gossip, it was necessary that something more should be known about their guest, and so Gustav extorted a reluctant promise from Engelbert to learn from the lady who she was, and to advise her to write to her friends that they might come and remove her. But Engelbert failed to find out anything beyond the lady's name—of her antecedents he could learn nothing. Gustav was also equally unsuccessful in discovering her secret; but she managed to fascinate him so entirely during their interview, that from thenceforth he would not allow Hannah to breathe a word against her.

So days came and went, and still Agatha remained at the parsonage. The natural consequences ensued—Engelbert fell deeply in love with her, and they were betrothed. Still he was ignorant of all respecting her; and the way in which she parried his questions and rallied him upon his curiosity, at last silenced him completely. In fact, Engelbert was too much charmed with Agatha herself—with her genial disposition, goodness, candour, and simplicity, her perfect purity of mind and frankness in everything excepting what concerned herself—to be greatly disturbed at her keeping the history of her life a secret from him. As soon as they were betrothed, Engelbert went to make preparations for their marriage, leaving Agatha under the care of his brother Gustav, whose heart was filled with anxious thoughts as to the result of a marriage contracted under such peculiar circumstances. When Engelbert returned, however, all clouds had passed away from the brow of Gustav, a perfect understanding seemed to have sprung up between him and Agatha during Engelbert's absence, and not a shadow obscured the happiness of the wedding-day.

But here Engelbert's trials begin. Little anxious as he had shown himself to penetrate Agatha's secret before their marriage, he feels that things have changed with him since. Circumstances, insignificant in themselves, are invested with an air of mystery through Agatha's conduct. They have not long resided in—before Engelbert discovers that Agatha is acquainted with the Russian ambassador and his wife. Then he sees her in conversation with a very suspicious character in the gardens of the palace; and again, one day, he comes home suddenly and finds a woman, whom he afterwards discovers to have been a ballet dancer, sitting with Agatha in the drawing-room. All these things fill him with anxiety and suspicion, especially as Agatha appears determined to return none but evasive answers to his questions as to her former connexion with these people. At last matters are brought to a climax by his finding in a pocket-book, which has accidentally come into his possession, the whole story, as he believes it, of Agatha's early life, and by which he is convinced that she is the daughter of an actress, and that she had been married to a German Count, from whom she had been divorced immediately prior to her meeting with Engelbert. In his despair he leaves her at once, without saying a word to her, and goes to his brother Gustav, to seek his advice. Gustav is deeply moved by his brother's distress, but at the same time assures him that he is mistaken about Agatha, and that all will yet be well. Engelbert, however, will not believe him; nor does he perceive from Gustav's manner that he is acquainted with Agatha's secret. In no part of his story has M. Schücking shown more skill than in the picture he has drawn of the distress into which Gustav is plunged by his inability to give his brother instant comfort and relief, without revealing to him a secret which had been confided to him under the seal of confession. To add to his difficulties, Gustav discovers, from a letter which had followed Engelbert to the parsonage, that Agatha had left her house the same day as Engelbert, and whither she had gone no one knew. However, Gustav possesses one slight clue by which he hopes to discover her whereabouts, and, accordingly, he instantly sets out in quest of her, while he desires Engelbert to remain at the parsonage until he returns,

assuring him that if he will but be patient all will turn out for good. Gustav's prophecy is verified—how and when we will not spoil the interest of the story by revealing to our readers. Who Agatha was, the woman's reason which had impelled her to persevere in the conduct which had so nearly brought about the ruin of her own and her husband's happiness, are mysteries which we do not conceive ourselves justified in unfolding. Good novels are not so plentiful now-a-days that readers can afford to have their interest blunted by anticipation.

M. Schücking is not one of those writers who consider it always necessary to tack an obtrusive moral to their stories. He takes the more effective, albeit difficult, course of making each of his *dramatis personæ* point their own moral, and show in their lives the results which are likely to follow from the influence of certain kinds of character upon circumstances, and the influence of a particular set of circumstances upon conduct. By sharp, yet refined touches, he indicates in the present story the mistakes into which people may fall when they imagine that, by adhering to a line of conduct diametrically opposite to that which has been attended with disastrous consequences in the case of other persons, they will be able to steer clear of the rocks on which the happiness of their friends was wrecked; and all this without a word of didactic moralizing, either on his own part, or on that of his personages.

By way of giving our readers some idea of M. Schücking's style, we will close our notice of his book by an extract from the last of its pages. Gustav has returned to the parsonage, which Agatha had reached before him, and after the first happy greetings—

Gustav must sit down by Agatha's side, and must let her tell him again and again how everything had happened; and he must listen to all her loving complaints of his naughty brother, who had thrown her into despair, and filled her with terror, by his leaving her so suddenly, and all that she had suffered from the foolish fancy that he did not love her any longer, and that she should never, never, see him again; and then Engelbert must tell Gustav what he had felt when his father-in-law had suddenly arrived that very day, and with his true-hearted words had revealed to him the fearful mistake he had made: and then, again, Agatha would reproach herself for having been such a foolish unreasonable child as to feel any fear of Engelbert—for she had been afraid of him—that was where she had been to blame most of all; but he had been so grave, and so cold, that the words had died in her heart whenever she had been going to tell him about her childhood and her mother: and thus one voice after another arose until it was quite impossible to follow the Babylonish talk of the happy party.

And so peace and joy reigned that evening under the roof of the little parsonage; and there was only one heart which did not beat in unison with the rest—and that was Hannah's heart, for she was at her wit's end to know how to perform all the duties of hospitality to so many guests, who had all arrived so suddenly. But even Hannah's anxious heart would have been set at rest, had she guessed how little her guests cared, in the midst of their happiness, for anything which she might deem it necessary to provide for their comfort and entertainment.

DR. NEWMAN ON UNIVERSITIES.*

THIS small volume is a republication of certain letters, published by the author in the *Catholic University Gazette*, the Dublin organ of the founders of the New Catholic University. As might be expected, from the manner in which it was published, it is very discursive, not to say rambling; and, indeed, the task which the author proposed to himself was so various and extensive, that it could hardly issue in anything very profound or definite. He aimed at nothing less than giving some description of "the nature, the character, the work, and the peculiarities of a University—the aims with which it is established, the wants it may supply, the methods it adopts—what it involves and requires, what are its relations to other institutions, and what has been its history." Thoroughly to paint such a picture on such a canvas is of course impossible; but as we might have anticipated, from the reputation of the artist, we are favoured with a series of sketches, some of which are highly interesting, whilst all are drawn with very considerable spirit and power. The most elementary conception of a University, according to Dr. Newman, is a "place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter, for every kind of knowledge." Great capitals are, in his view, Universities on the very largest scale. Parliament is a University for politicians; and the Law Courts and the whole legal society which belongs to them are a University for lawyers. Such bodies as these are only virtually Universities; but they serve to illustrate the doctrine that the indispensable prerequisites for a University are, the wish to acquire knowledge on the one hand, and the power of supplying it on the other. The necessary machinery for performing this operation embodies two elements—personal influence and systematic discipline. Sketches of the various methods by which these influences have at different times been set in action fill the greater part of Dr. Newman's volume. His account of the schools of Athens and Alexandria is very curious and interesting, though the effect of the first, at least, is a good deal marred by that gawdy eloquence which so frequently disfigures the author's later publications.

The application of the book to the Catholic University is sometimes not very clear. The author constantly refers to the unfavourable opinion which, it seems, prevails somewhat extensively in Ireland, as to the possibility of carrying out the scheme. We gather on the whole, that his general answer to such objections

* *The Office and Work of Universities.* By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. London: Longmans, 1856.

is, that there is a demand for such an institution—that he, and those who co-operate with him, are in a position to supply it—and that the means which they propose to adopt are those which experience points out as being best fitted for that purpose. The latter part of the subject is one which has more interest for those whom it immediately concerns, than for Protestant readers, but the first part of it forms a significant comment on the whole history of Dr. Newman's career. During the many years which have now passed since he first distinguished himself by giving excellent reasons for untenable opinions, his method has been perfectly uniform. His arguments have almost always belonged to one of two classes—they have been either dilemmas or paradoxes. His uniform language to his disciples or to his antagonists has been—"You must believe something, because peace of mind is the reward of belief, and uneasiness is inseparable from doubt. There are so many courses open to you. You cannot consistently take this, nor this, nor this—nothing therefore remains for you but to adopt the remaining one." As has been said, with extreme truth and wisdom, the uniform object of his arguments was not to find the bottom of a question, but to put a bottom into it. The whole tendency of his theological speculations for years past has been to prove that no resting-place is possible between Romanism and Atheism. If you choose to be an Atheist, he has nothing to say, except that he should consider Atheism a very unpleasant state of mind. If you prefer the other branch of the alternative, he exacts of you as the first step, an all-embracing *petitio principii*—"Unless this is truth, there is no truth; but as I cannot do without truth, this must be true."

The other kind of argument peculiar to Dr. Newman is equally well marked. Its specific peculiarity consists in making his case rest upon its weak points. What is a stumbling-block to other controversialists, is to him matter of triumph. Much in the same spirit which prompted Warburton to demonstrate the Divine Legation of Moses from the fact that his books contain no reference to a future state, Dr. Newman always considers that what seem to all the rest of the world difficulties in his way are, in fact, the very grounds of his convictions. "Many of your doctrines," it was objected to him, "are corruptions invented at a specific time, for a specific purpose, in a specific manner." "Is not the whole history of theology," he replied, "a history of development, and can any body claim to be the true Church which does not possess the power of developing Christian doctrine?" "The populations of Spain and Italy are degraded, unsteady, and childish," said his opponents. "Yes," was the answer; "you must become as little children before you can enter into the kingdom of heaven, and how can you expect little children to have the virtues of grown men?" "You are committed," it was said, "to doctrines opposed to fact—you believe that the sun moves round the earth." "See," was the answer, "how unable a Protestant is to teach even physical science correctly! The sun does, in fact, revolve round the earth; but as astronomy would have taught you to believe the opposite doctrine, your ignorance of theology has actually led you into an astronomical error." The effect of these methods of argument of course varies very much, according to the nature of those to whom they are addressed. The charms of a paradox are too obvious to be dwelt upon; and, with many minds, nothing can be more efficacious than the dilemma. It has almost always a semblance of candour about it which is particularly attractive. "Go a little further," it says, in substance; "follow out your own convictions one way or the other, and I will leave you at peace." It seems no discredit to a man to tell him that, by a slight alteration, he may make himself consistent, however much you may disagree with him.

So long as he has only to refute and bewilder, a master of such weapons as these may be a very formidable antagonist; but when he comes forward as a founder, he gives an ample revenge to his victims. In the book before us we see unmistakable symptoms of the fact that Dr. Newman is preparing a triumph for his antagonists. Facts are far more stubborn than men. It may be possible to drive a man into accepting a creed which he more than doubts, by persuading him that he must make his election between that creed and none at all; but you cannot found a University on a dilemma. No doubt it would be a great triumph for Dr. Newman if he could found a body to which students would flock a century hence from all parts of the world, "last, but not least, from Great Britain;" and it may be very true that, if he is right, they will. But all depends on the *if*. They will not come for the sake of relieving his memory from a logical difficulty. We can quite understand that, according to his view of the matter, he and those who act with him ought to be the sole depositaries of truth; but, unless they actually are so, they will only succeed in founding what the Americans would call a "bogus" University. What will Dr. Newman and his associates teach which is not better taught elsewhere? The very essence of the undertaking is, that every part of knowledge is to be taught, and so taught as to harmonize with Roman Catholic theology. Does he really believe—not as a point of honour and as a consequence of something else, but with that primary simple conviction with which he believes in the rules of arithmetic—that students of all nations will flock together to learn that the sun moves round the earth, though arrangements have been made for the purpose of conducting the rest of the solar system on the contrary hypothesis? Does he hope to make it an element of successful popular teaching that dew descends, though it has been contrived that all observed

facts should be best explained upon the supposition that it does not—or that usury is wrong, and consists in taking more than 5 per cent. for your money, which is perfectly right—or that the glory of English History between the seventh and eleventh centuries consists in "the roll of 23 kings, and 60 queens and princes, who gained a place amongst the saints"—or that, whilst England has only 150 saints in its calendar, it cannot "pretend to equal that Irish multitude which only the Book of Life is equal to maintain?" A man who sincerely thinks that there is a great demand for a university which is to teach these and similar doctrines, is a long way beyond the reach of any argument whatever.

It is almost affecting to see the condition to which the necessities of his case have reduced a man of wide learning, and active and dexterous intellect. Dr. Newman's view of modern politics is altogether marvellous in its perverse ingenuity. It has so long been his habit to force his mind to feel that his theological beliefs are not only true, but the very foundation and necessary condition of all other truth whatever, without which it would immediately become false, that no political question presents any difficulty to him. The Pope must always be right—therefore, whatever view of public affairs justifies him most completely must be the true one. The part which Pius IX. has played in the events of the last ten years has not generally been considered very consistent or honourable. People in general would perhaps feel inclined to say that he began by being a kind of reformer and an opponent of Austria—that, being frightened by the power which he had evoked, he was thrown into the hands of the opposite party—and that at present he only avoids falling under the power of Austria by submitting to the humiliating protection of France. According to Dr. Newman, he is a splendid instance of "the heroic detachment of the Popes"—"detachment" being that spiritual virtue which consists in total indifference to everything but duty. What did Pius IX. care, says Dr. Newman, where he was, or in what condition? He saw nothing but his duty. His duty was to reform the Roman States, and he tried to do so; but the experiment failed from the worthlessness of the instruments, who wanted him "to be the head of Italy, to range himself against the sovereigns of Europe, and to carry all things before him in the name of religion." Detachment could not stand this, so the Pope took refuge at Gaeta. Then "the party of disorder was defeated," and detachment took him back to Rome—not that he cared about it the least in the world. "What matter where, if I be still the same." There is such a thing as "detachment," not only from the world, but from the worldly virtue of knowing one's own mind, and standing by one's own principles. The carnal name for this accomplishment is cowardice, or time-serving.

Perhaps an equally remarkable specimen of the political teaching which is to characterize the new University is to be found in the estimate which Dr. Newman forms of Ireland, and its importance. What can we think of a man who gravely declares that the great phenomenon which the present spread of colonization presents is "the diffusion of the English language and of the Irish race"—or who gravely asserts that the present incipient prosperity of the sister country is to be attributed "to the simple energy of a courageous faith?" As to the diffusion of the Irish race, it is true enough that there are a good many Irish in the United States; but they are either absorbed by and assimilated to the more energetic population which they find there before them, or else they form little communities in the body of the nation, known principally by their inferiority to their neighbours in cultivation and social position. And as to triumphs of "the simple energy of a courageous faith," we must take the liberty to doubt whether all the innumerable roll of Irish saints put together would ever have thought of the Encumbered Estates Bill; and we still cling to the heretical conviction that beneficial as the destruction or expatriation of a quarter of the population may ultimately have proved to the remainder, it was as strong a condemnation of the habits which rendered it necessary, and of the opinions which made those habits possible, as the nature of the case would admit. Has the "simple energy of a courageous faith" done much for the population of Southern Italy, beyond enabling it to exercise the childlike virtues of falsehood and cowardice, and to justify the failure even of a Pope's efforts to improve its condition, by the "inherent worthlessness" of the materials with which it supplied him?

"On peut tout faire," says the story, "avec les baïonnettes, excepté de s'asseoir dessus;" and one may say much the same of those logical weapons of offence which have uniformly characterized Dr. Newman's polemics.

STORIES BY AN ARCHEOLOGIST AND HIS FRIENDS.*

THIS book is better planned than executed. Some years ago, as the *soi-disant* editor, but real author, informs us, a knot of friends, belonging to several nations, and engaged in very dissimilar pursuits, agreed to meet together from time to time, with a view of exchanging their thoughts upon the one common subject of archaeology. Their first meeting, like most of the subsequent ones, took place at Naples, and the extemporised Institute was formed of the following members:

First, an enthusiastic general antiquary, who was generally denominated "the archaeologist," but who was simply a wealthy English merchant, loiter-

* *Stories by an Archaeologist and his Friends.* London: Bell and Daldy.

ing pleasantly over his "grand tour," and who was considered the founder of the society; secondly, of an English botanist studying the flora of the South of Europe, but who, like the others, had been bitten by the mania of antiquities during his Italian travels; thirdly, of a young Spanish poet, whose love of ancient art formed part of his general culte of the beautiful. There was also a French *savant*, a surgeon, whose enthusiasm for the science which he had made his profession lay more in what concerned its history than its practice; and his days were spent in the examination of the singular surgical instruments in use among the Romans, which have been so curiously preserved in the disinterred chambers of the city of Pompeii. There was also a student of history, whose favourite subject was that great final irruption of northern barbarians, by which the Roman empire was subverted and the modern kingdoms founded; and there was an enthusiastic numismatist, an Italian *savant* of wonderful acquirements; and a young English painter, studying the art for love rather than profit, who was seeking in the remains of antique art for the true key to the beautiful—that abstract beauty which is beautiful in all time—the key which was certainly discovered by the Greeks, and then lost, like the wand of Prospero, in the depths of the ocean or of barbarism. And there was a semi-insane bibliophile—one of their most delightful members—whose Paradise was among the dusty folios of La Cava, and whose rhapsodies about old books, and rare *codices*, and inestimable *papyri*, formed one of the great charms of their monthly meetings; and he possessed withal, the art of "narrating"—an art he was very fond of exercising, and which made him very popular as one of their monthly story-tellers. Then there were the biographer, as he was termed, and the musical antiquary, and some other less distinguished members, whom it is not needful to name.

When the last of their pleasant meetings was over, the editor, who is supposed to have officiated as secretary, determined to publish some of their transactions. The present work is the result of that resolution. The order of their evenings was this:—At the appointed hour the members of the little society found their way to the apartments of the host of the occasion—now on the Chiaja, now in the Toledo, now in some of the back streets of Naples. Each brought with him the last curiosities which he had purchased or found. These were first admired and discussed—then a story was told by some member, bearing on his own special pursuit—and a *petit souper*, the pleasures of which are dwelt upon by the ex-secretary with tedious and vulgar minuteness, varied the proceedings, and prevented them from taking altogether too learned a turn.

The first meeting was in the rooms of the bibliophile, and the narrative of the night was the history of an enthusiast who spent his life in searching for the Lost Books of Livy. It is a tolerable magazine story, neither better nor worse than such things generally are. The second meeting took place in the apartments of the botanist, who had chosen for himself a lofty retreat commanding a wide view over Naples, and opening on a leaded terrace filled with orange-trees. The conversation on this occasion turned chiefly on "a little carbonized mass," which the botanist explained to be the remains of a bouquet of spring flowers—the white ox-eye daisy, an anemone, and a cyclamen—which had been found in the hand of the skeleton of a little girl in a niche among the ruins of Pompeii:—

It is interesting to note, said the botanist in conclusion, that the eruption took place in August, while these are all spring-flowers, so that the little floral treasure-seeker must have visited some deep and shady recesses, and mountain retreats, where, shut out from sun and heat, the early flowers have not courage to put forth their bloom before high summer.

We know not whether this discovery is purely imaginary or whether the Museo Borbonico, amongst its countless treasures, contains anything of the kind. There is certainly nothing very improbable in the circumstances as they are detailed in this book. If true, they are skillfully introduced—if false, they are prettily imagined. We cannot say so much for the story which follows, "The Crimson Drop"—which records the circumstances attending the introduction of the first fuchsia into our English gardens. It is commonplace, and betrays a very unpractised or a very careless hand.

The next meeting was in the apartments of Signor Massimi, the numismatist. There, coins were naturally the subject of discussion. The table was covered with rare and beautiful specimens. Pre-eminent amongst them was a decadrachm of Syracuse, one of the Sicilian medallions, on which the curious eye could still detect the name of the artist who struck it. This is no imagination. On one of these decadrachms in the British Museum the name of Cimon may be distinctly traced, and the fame of the skill of Evænetus and others is perpetuated in the same way. We recommend any of our readers who may turn over the pages of these volumes to read the minutes of the imaginary conversation in the rooms of Signor Massimi. The derivations of our word coin, through the French *coigne*, from *cuneus*—the wedge or punch, by which pieces of money were struck—of *obolus*, from the Greek for a bar or spit, and of *drachma*, from the Greek for a handful (that is, just six) of such *oboli*, together with many other curious facts, are very pleasantly woven together. Signor Massimi is made to observe—"It is supposed that the first positive coins were struck either by the Lydians or by the Asiatic colonies of Greece." *Ægina* has, however, a fair right to have her name added to these. In truth, it is impossible to say exactly where money was first struck. Several states round the *Ægean* seem to have adopted a rude coinage about the same time. The story told by Signor Massimi is entitled the "Pentadrachm of Ptolemy," and has considerable merit. The next meeting was at Pompeii, and the account of it betrays the same clumsiness of handling which we have noticed above. Doubtless our travelling countrymen often show great want of cultivation and good sense, but their shortcomings

must be depicted by a more skilful hand than that of the author of this work, if the satire is to do any good:—

Quis tulcrit Græchos de seditione quærentes?

The story told in the evening at the apartments of the archaeologist was called "Discoverers and their Persecutors." It is an account of the finding of gold in Australia by a convict, many years before the recent discoveries. At the following meeting, in the rooms of the archaeological surgeon, that worthy told a story of the reign of Commodus—a story of imperial brutality and folly which has lost nothing in the telling. Imagine a man in his sober senses sitting down and deliberately composing drivel like this,—

"He! ha! hilloh!" cried the barber. "By the prophecies of Tarrutius! it's a wise man that knows whether his nose is fast or not. What a fearful slip! *abrasus est*—by the immortal Gods!—*accius* shaved off as clean as a whistle." And the customer, plunging furiously from his chair, darted wildly towards the barber, who retreated, still holding the severed nose between his thumb and finger. Fury gleamed from the eyes of the victim as the blood streamed down his face, and he sprang at the throat of the still retreating practitioner of the *novacula*; who avoided the impending grasp, however, with all the skill of an experienced gladiator—nimble as the *secutores* evade the net of the *retiarit*.

The next meeting was at Terracina. Of course we have Horatian quotations and the like small classicities. The story-teller on this occasion was a young Englishman of fortune, who had rescued an Italian beauty and her father from a party of brigands, had become the accepted lover of the lady, and had sent, in true melo-dramatic style, 500 scudi to compensate the brigands for the loss of their prize. After the party had returned to Naples, the biographer's turn came. His story is called the "Field of May," and treats of Chilperic and Fredegonda, and of the loves of Marcella and Merantius. It is not without prettiness, but is overlaid with Merovingian history, and too full of the conventional absurdities of historical novels. Here is a specimen:—"Ah, ah!" cried the king, laughing, "it is useless!—the lily cannot hide itself among daisies; come, come, don't be afraid, a cat and a pretty girl may look at a king."

The Spaniard's first story is called the "Auletes," and is supposed to be suggested by a Roman coin bearing the name of L. Plautius. It is followed by the archaeologist's second story, which was told on the Chiaja, when the "coffee and the *rosoglio*, and even the muffins, had vanished in silence," and the little party sat gazing upon the waters of the bay, whose breast was heaving gently, "like an infant's asleep," as Byron so beautifully said. Its name is the "Figure in the Tapestry," and it deals largely in the supernatural; but the ghost is a most comfortable one, such as very delicate nerves might face without fear. This tale is a pretty fancy spoil in the carrying out. The same may be said of the Spaniard's second story, which finishes the collection—it is, however, inferior to its predecessor.

It would be curious to know how a man who is certainly not without a certain elegance of mind, can have corrupted his taste and spoilt his style so much as the author of this work has unfortunately succeeded in doing. An indiscriminate reading of second-rate novels may possibly be the cause. Although, however, we consider the book before us as far as possible from a success, nothing is further from our intention than to part on bad terms with its author. We cannot, indeed, give him any encouragement to persevere as a writer of fiction; but the groundwork of his labours is an interest in Greek and Roman coins. Now why should not he turn this taste to the advantage of the public, and give us a short, clear, and popular account of the more remarkable results at which numismatists have recently arrived, and of some of the many curious odds and ends connected with their science? Such a work is much wanted. Few ever see our great national collection of coins. No one whose attention has not been specially called to the subject, ever opens Eckhel, or even Leake's less formidable *Numismata Hellenica*. What we want to see written is a little book, not larger than Addison's *Dialogues on Ancient Medals*, but based on the best modern authorities, and not, like Addison's treatise, overlaid with quotations. There is many a man who has read ancient history very conscientiously, to whom such a work as we describe would open a new world. We are glad to see that the study of coins in connexion with ancient history is one of the subjects to which the framers of the proposed new Examination Statutes at Oxford are anxious to direct the attention of those who aspire to the higher classical honours. We counsel the archaeologist to leave the ten thousand novel writers of the two worlds to bore or amuse their readers, undisturbed by his competition, and to do what he can towards a great and good work which lies before our generation—the giving, namely, to English classical training that manly comprehensiveness and breadth which it has as yet too much postponed to other and inferior aims.

MILL'S LOGIC.*

IT is gratifying to watch the steady march of a book like Mill's *Logic* from edition to edition. The books that men write prove nothing as to the public taste—for books, unlike other articles, are often produced for which no demand exists. But the books that men buy—the books for which there is a demand—do prove something. A fourth edition is an unmistakable fact; and a fourth edition of Mill's *Logic* cannot be overlooked

* *A System of Logic*. By John Stuart Mill. Fourth Edition, revised. 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

among the various phenomena of English life. Of the vast amount of energy which the country throws forth yearly, how large a proportion is spent upon trivial, unsatisfying, not to say base objects! How much of the power of the great social machine goes in thrashing chaff, or driving the fly-wheel! Economically, we waste our productive force upon bubble schemes and Stock Exchange projects, and yet we have accumulated the largest national capital the world has ever seen. So, intellectually, side by side with the Cummings and the Spurgeons, with Table-turning and Uncle Toms, and the frothy excitements of the hour, there is a solid demand for solid books on abstract subjects. Such writers as Whewell, Mill, Boole, Spencer, Bain—not to mention large importations from Scotland and the Continent—have, it seems, a large and growing audience.

If, however, the statistics of Paternoster-row prove that the best books on metaphysical subjects command a sufficient, though of course not a rapid sale, those statistics do not go further. The booksellers' bills which the nation is willing to pay prove that it has interest enough in philosophy to put a considerable proportion of philosophical books into its library; but what use it makes of them when it has got them—how far they engage its serious attention, or influence its thinking and acting—are questions which must be answered upon other data. Philosophy may take its place in literature without exercising a strong influence. Such books as those of which we are speaking may be turned over as the pastime of an active intellect in its spare hours, or from curiosity to see what the author says, or from the desire to find arguments to support or attack some theological opinion. There arises at times a literary taste for philosophical writing which, like any other literary taste, seeks nothing more than a refined amusement. An age may acquire a liking for the imposing forms of scientific language, which captivate the taste by lending intellectual dignity to the ordinary material of knowledge. This species of literary tendency is quite consistent with the most frivolous and the most vicious direction of the public mind. Such a diffusion of the mere results of philosophical inquiry only leads, so far as it is successful at all, to a superficial free-thinking, as under the reign of the *Encyclopédie* in the last century.

Books like Mill's *Logic* may be read in this slight way, and with this slight, or baneful effect. To be fruitful, they require to be studied with an intensity and perseverance which Englishmen rarely give to an abstract subject except in early youth. The exigencies of life very soon absorb all the powerful intellects, and there remain for philosophy only the halt, the maimed, and the blind. In other words, metaphysics and logic only penetrate and discipline the mind so far as they enter into education; and this Mill's *Logic* is really doing. It is admirably qualified to be a learner's book—much more so than if it had been merely elementary. It is this, for it is simple and systematic; but, at the same time, it lures the young curiosity onwards to the inner sanctuary. It has even made its way, we are informed, into general use in Oxford; and though it has not supplanted there the technical compendium of Aldrich, or the feeble, though elegant treatise of Whately, yet these are now tolerated rather than respected. Mill is not recognised in "The Schools," but he is universally read by the students of philosophy.

Here is the real service—the truly useful work—done by such a book; and here, too, is, in some measure, the secret of its popularity. We have but to compare the estimation in which logic is held now with the ill fame it laboured under a century ago. It was then a by-word for all that was useless and pedantic. As it was taught in the Universities, it was of less value in training the mind than the four rules of arithmetic. To the mass of educated men it was a spectre, a relic of a barbarous age—

Something between a heidegger and owl.

Now, it is being restored even in schools; and popular writers, like Dr. Latham, think it worth while writing "Logics" for boys and youths. Much of the credit of this restoration must, in justice, be ascribed to Whately. Had the Archbishop's treatise been better than it is, it might possibly not have done the good service it did at the juncture at which it appeared. But to raise logic again to the dignity of science—at once to prove its utility and to instance its manifold bearings—to open "her contracted palm" (as Milton calls it) into a rich and fruitful discipline—has been, in this country, the achievement of Mr. Mill.

This tribute seems justly called for by the mere fact of the appearance of a fourth edition. On coming to look through its pages, however, it is further evident that the author has not neglected the opportunities of revision which successive editions have offered. Since its first appearance (in 1843) the book has been the subject of innumerable reviews—fair and unfair, wise and foolish, learned and ignorant. An author is not expected to be converted from his principles by his reviewers, and Mr. Mill "has not to announce a change of opinion on any matter of importance;" but he has cleared ambiguous expressions, recast difficult sentences, improved his exposition, and strengthened his argument. One class of corrections is very marked. In citing other writers, great and small alike, Mr. Mill had formerly allowed himself to use phrases of courtesy or approbation. "Dr. Biber's remarkable Lectures on Education"—Mr. H. Grant's *Arithmetic*, "one of the most efficient books ever written for training the infant intellect"—Comte's *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, "a work which I hold to be by far the greatest yet produced on the philosophy of the sciences"—

—these hyperboles of the Young Reviewer style have gradually disappeared in the later editions, though Hobbes still remains "one of the clearest and most consecutive thinkers whom this country or the world has produced."

The most considerable alterations visible in this edition are two in number—and are additions, not retrenchments. One is the examination of the doctrine that "Volition is an Efficient Cause," (b. iii. 5, § 9.) The other is on "The Test of Inconceivability," (b. ii. 7.) The first of these passages includes a lengthy refutation of an assertion made by the author of the *Second Burnett Prize Essay*—the second discusses Mr. Spencer's (*Principles of Psychology*) doctrine of the "Universal Postulate." Those who follow with interest Mr. Mill's reasonings will always like to hear him defend his own views, or criticize those of others; but it detracts from the permanent and standard character of a scientific treatise to have such criticisms incorporated into its frame-work and encumbering its plan. A book which increases its *impedimenta* at every stage will never arrive at posterity. The use we should make of our critics is to retrench and excise—to get rid of the superfluous language which all first draughts of thought have. Mr. Mill has now "had time to make his sermon shorter." The place for ephemeral polemics—which have their interest too—is in the reviews and literary periodicals. Often, indeed, philosophical exposition is best performed in the shape of controversy, as Bacon brings (in the *Novum Organon*) his own induction into relief by means of a perpetual antithesis to Aristotle. But then such polemics should be confined to the great names of the science, or the reigning errors of the age. It was not worth Bentley's while to overthrow Boyle, or Thirlwall's to write against Mitford. Mr. Mill must weed his volumes of all the perishable litigation which he has heaped up in them, before he can have the "Certificate of Maturity" (*Zeugnis der Reife*) which will entitle him to the rank of "Standard Author."

RUSSIAN POPULAR TALES.*

IT has frequently been remarked that nothing illustrates the character, idiosyncrasy, and customs of a nation more faithfully than the traditions and popular tales which embody its life in all the various phases which it assumes. We gladly welcome, therefore, a collection of *Russian Popular Tales*, translated into English from the German Version of Anton Dietrich. The circumstance that the translation is not made directly from the original is doubtless a disadvantage, since, passing through the medium of a second language, the stories cannot have failed to receive a different colouring, if not a different form; but the present collection is peculiarly valuable, as being the first which has been presented to English readers. Every European country is rich in national tales, and it is curious to trace the resemblances which may often be observed between them, in the midst of diversities strongly characteristic of the soil from which they spring.

We find that M. Dietrich collected his Russian stories in Moscow, though he tells us that most of them are to be found in every part of the Empire, being sold in a popular form in the picture shops, like the legends of *Siegfried* and *the Dragon*, the *Fair Melusina*, and *Eulenspiegel* in Germany. In the long dreary evenings of a Russian winter, the peasants amuse themselves with these tales, which are now printed, after having been transmitted for centuries by oral tradition. M. Dietrich says:—

They may be classed under three heads. One kind is printed with engravings on coarse grey paper, in octavo or quarto; the upper half of the page consisting of an illustration of the chief incidents in the tale which fill the lower half. These leaves, sometimes consisting of two pieces of paper pasted together, are stitched, and printed only on one side: the letters are irregular and indistinct, resembling the Slavonic characters; the printing is very incorrect and bad, and there is no punctuation. It is consequently very difficult to read and understand these tales, for which great practice and an intimate knowledge of the language are required. The second kind is simply distinguished by the engravings and letterpress being printed, not on single leaves, but on a whole sheet, in regular pages, with borders. Very few tales appear in this form. These two classes, the oldest and most original, are reprinted and multiplied in Russia without any special permission from the censorship, being regarded as an inalienable popular heritage.

The translator was unable to obtain any authentic information respecting the origin or the antiquity of these fictions. They are chiefly tales of heroic adventure, running somewhat as follows:—There was, once upon a time, a brave and mighty Czar, who had lived childless, with his wife, for seventy years. To their united prayers and tears, a son was granted as a special gift from Heaven, in honour of whose birth a great feast was made. The child grows, "not by days, but by hours." "As buckwheat dough rises with leaven," so does the Czarevitch shoot up into manhood. He is endowed with marvellous beauty and prodigious valour. At the age of fifteen, he has either heard of the beauty of some princess, or else sighs after deeds of war and knightly prowess. He asks, and obtains his parents' consent to travel, and is dismissed with their blessing, "to all four sides." He is armed—but what he wants is a knightly steed, without which he cannot engage in any combat or adventure. The horse suffers no rider to mount him who is not his match or master:—

As soon as the hero approaches the steed, which is kept fast by locks and bolts, it recognises him by its power of scent, grows exceedingly restive, and,

* *Russian Popular Tales*. Translated from the German Version of Anton Dietrich. With an Introduction by Jacob Grimm. London: Chapman and Hall.

with a great noise, rushes toward him. The Knight then shows his power by laying his hand upon the horse's back, and pressing it until he falls on his knees. From that time the horse is one with his rider; he combats with him, and overthrows more enemies than the hero himself, understands what his master says, and even speaks with a human voice.

The adventures in search of the horse always form a very important feature in the tale. The steed having been found, the Czarevitch vaults into the Circassian saddle, takes the silken bridle in his white hand, and strikes him on the flank—whereupon the horse springs from the earth higher than the waving forests, plunges lower than the drifting clouds, leaves mountains and valleys behind, covers small streams with his tail, springs across wide rivers, and so through "seven-and-twenty countries to the thirtieth kingdom." He halts on the "royal forbidden meadows"—ground "which belonged exclusively to the Sovereign, and to pitch a camp on which was considered a declaration of hostilities." The hero attacks and cuts whole armies to pieces. Or he encounters some hitherto invincible warrior or monster knight, and there is a furious onset, which terminates by the enemy falling prostrate on the ground, "like a sheaf of oats." If he has survived the combat, his life is spared. The Czarevitch dismounts, and embraces Sir Polkan—they fraternize, according to the Slavonic custom—and the vanquished becomes the younger brother. They then ride off to their tents, and fall to feasting and making merry. Perhaps, after conquering an army sent against him, our hero becomes the champion, and fights the battles, of some King whose daughter quite agrees in the opinion that "none but the brave deserve the fair." So the story ends—after sundry encounters with wizards and supernatural beasts—by the brave Knight taking the Princess with his white hand, driving off to church, and marrying her; and, as his reward, the King places the crown upon his head—he rules over the kingdom, and the youthful pair live happily ever after. This is the usual fashion and substance of these Russian Tales; but there are variations on the theme which make them worth reading to those curious in such matters. The best in the collection are—*The renowned Hero Bova*, and *the Princess Drushneva*; *Emelyan the Fool*; *Story of Prince Peter with the Golden Keys*, and *the Princess Magilene*; *Sila Czarevitch*, and *Isashka with the Shroud*; *Story of the Knight Jeruslaw Lasarevitch*, and *the Princess Anastasia*; and *The Judgment of Shemyaka*. Sleeping and eating form universal features in these stories, and it is also very characteristic that the horse is invariably brought forward as a prominent actor. Another noticeable peculiarity is the perpetual recurrence of the magical number, three:—

Fathers have usually three sons, heroes and knights-errant ride through three times nine countries into the thirtieth kingdom—first three times three, then three times nine, lastly, three times ten. The bravest and most renowned knights are generally three-and-thirty years old when they commence their heroic career, and they do not succeed in their enterprises until the third trial.

Dr. Jacob Grimm, in the introduction, remarks that some of the stories, in their whole structure, seem to point to the basis of a national epic, in the style and metre of the Servian. This is observable in the story of Jeruslaw and the Princess Anastasia, and in that of Hija, the Muromer, and the Robber Nightingale, who lives in oak trees, and slays his enemies by piping. The story of the Duck with the Golden Egg is familiar to every one, and Dr. Grimm observes that two others bear a singular resemblance to German tales; while that of Emelyan the Fool, though not a copy, is precisely similar to the story of Pernonte in the Neapolitan *Pentamerone*. In the story of the Princess Magilene we meet a popular tale already known under the name of the *Fair Magelone*; and Bova is derived from the celebrated hero of romance, Buova d'Antona, the French *Beuves de Hantone*, "who occurs in various languages."

In these tales we miss the imaginative symbolism and wild pathos of German legends, the vivacity and ingenuity of French fairy tales, the passion and poetry of the South, and the chivalric heroism of the North. But the Russians evidently delight in the marvellous and burlesque, and we recommend these stories to the attention of the pantomime manufacturer, who will probably find in them a valuable and unworked gold mine for Christmas entertainments.

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Programme for MONDAY, December 16th, 1856. To commence at Eight o'clock.
PART I. Overture—"Oberon," Weber. Quadrille—from Verdi's Opera, "Ernani," Jullien. Symphony—"Scherzo vivace" from the No. 4 Symphony, known as the "Scottish Symphony," Mendelssohn (received with great applause on the two Mendelssohn Nights). Solo—Cornet—"The River and the Star," Angelina, composed expressly for and performed by Herr Koenig (his last appearance but one this Season). Polka—"Minnie Polka," Jullien. Song, Miss DOLBY. Valse—"Adieu," Jullien (first time this Season), composed by M. Jullien, before his departure for America. Concerto in G minor—Pianoforte—Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Mendelssohn. The French Quadrille, Jullien, with variations for Flageolet, Oboe, Clarinet, and Cornet, performed by MM. Pratten, De Folly, De Yong, Collinet, Lavigne, Lazarus, Hughes, and Koenig. No. 1—"Veillons au salut de l'Empire." No. 2—"Le Petit Caporal," with four variations for Opheleide, by Mr. Hughes. No. 3—"La Monaco," an old French Tune, favourite of Napoleon the First, and performed generally at his appearance, by the military bands and the fifes of the old Empire. Finale—"Partant pour la Syrie," "Vive l'Empereur."

PART II. Opera—Grand Operatic Selection from Verdi's Opera LA TRAVIATA. Song—Miss DOLBY. Polka—"My Mary Ann," Jullien (twenty-seventh time of performance), dedicated to Mrs. Barney Williams. Miserere, from Verdi's Opera, IL TROVATORE, with Solos, by MM. Lavigne, Hughes, and Koenig. Solo—Pianoforte, Miss GODDARD. Solo—Flute, Pratten, M. Pratten. Galop, "Etta," D'Albert.

To commence at Eight o'clock.
Prices of Admission:—Promenade, 1s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., £1 1s., and upwards. Private Boxes to be secured of Mr. NUGENT, at the Box-office of the Theatre; at all the principal Libraries and Music Sellers; and at JULLIEN and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1856.

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Under ordinary circumstances, M. JULLIEN would have felt that the patronage hitherto bestowed on his Annual Entertainment, and the general satisfaction evinced on every occasion, rendered it unnecessary for him to add one word to the mere announcement of the Ball. A recent event, however, makes it imperative on him to draw the attention of his kind patrons to the fact that, after seventeen years of constant labour and care, he has succeeded in transforming the trivial entertainment formerly known as the "Masquerade," into the magnificent FETE of the BAL MASQUE; and in placing it on a level with those given in the largest establishments of Europe: at the Académie Impériale of Paris, the Imperial Theatres of St. Petersburg and Vienna, and the Theatre Royal of Berlin; Fêtes which the Sovereigns of those capitals do not disdain to honour with their presence. Having thus raised the character of these entertainments, M. JULLIEN is satisfied that the public will not hold him responsible for the ill-directed efforts of plagiarists and imitators.

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The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine, and the Dancing commence at Half-past Ten.

Refreshments will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock the Supper will be served.

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